



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

GEOGRAPHY READING BOOKS

STANDARD

5

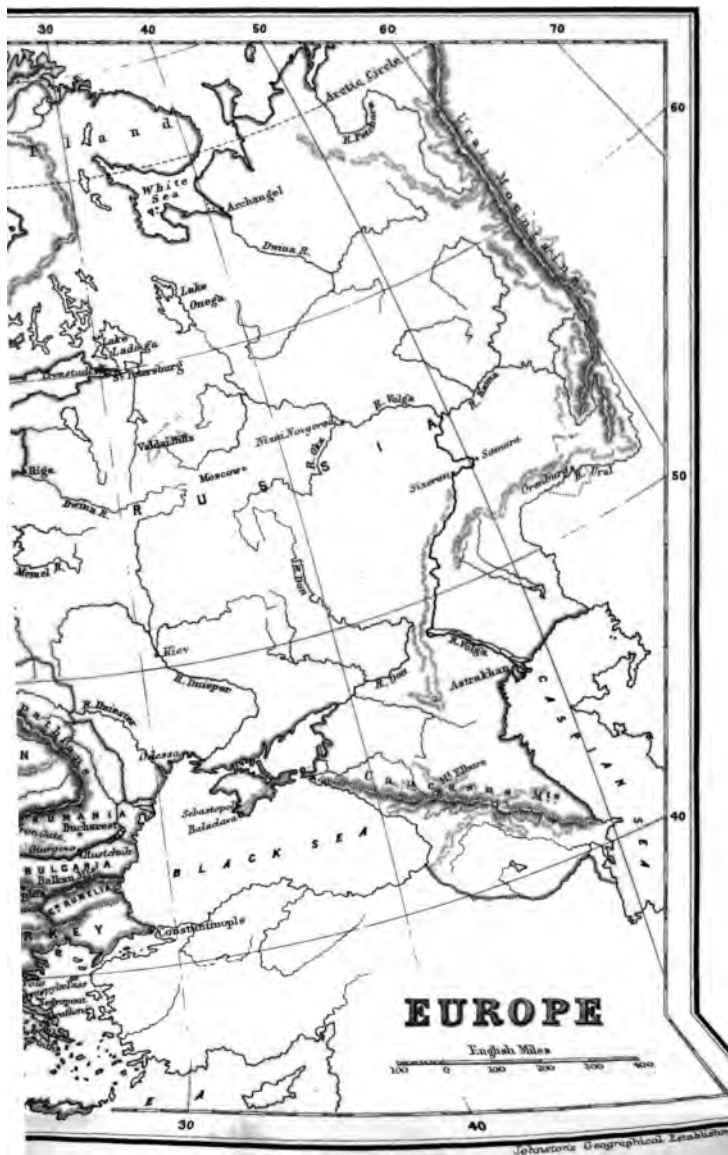
REVISED EDITION











PART V. FOR STANDARD V.

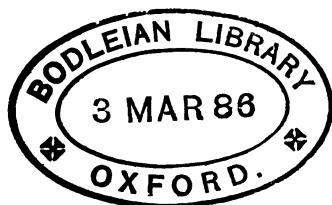
GEOGRAPHY
READING BOOKS

Adapted to the Requirements of the New Code



LONDON
NATIONAL SOCIETY'S DEPOSITORY
BROAD SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER

1885
2017. f. 133^e



LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

PREFACE TO PART V.

IN preparing this book, I have followed a somewhat different plan from that adopted in Parts III. and IV. 'Countries,' as I said once before, 'are a much more important division than counties. Each country is a complete political whole, and must be spoken of, on many points, by itself.' Teachers will find, however, in the four introductory chapters a general view of the physical features of Europe, which will enable them to place each country, as they come to it, in its proper place as a part of the great whole.

It will be seen that there is only one general Map. It is assumed that the older children, for whom this book is intended, will provide themselves with cheap Atlases.

I have done my best to combine the two ways of looking at a continent—the physical, which divides it into river-basins, separated by mountain barriers; and the political, which regards it as made up of so many independent States. Each of these modes of division is broken into, once or twice. Holland and Belgium, for example, are interposed between different parts of France; and the Rhine is treated of *piecemeal*, in connection with Holland, with Switzerland, and with Germany. But, on the whole, I hope that I have paid due regard both to political and to physical unities.

Many details are omitted, which can be supplied orally or from text-books. Some names are introduced, for various reasons, which it may not be necessary for children to remember. These are matters for the discretion of teachers: in this, as in every book, I aim not at usurping the teacher's functions, but at providing the skilled and industrious workman with a sound and serviceable tool.

The second section is taken, almost entirely, from Part II. of the original series. The only important addition is the diagram, to illustrate the suggested experiment on p. 229. I hope that no teacher will think these chapters too hard now that they are assigned to the upper classes of a school. I do not think these subjects can be made much easier if they are to be really understood ; and every good teacher will, I suppose, agree that, if they are not understood, the time spent on them is wasted. Even to Standard III., I am glad to know, earnest teachers have in many instances succeeded in making them intelligible and interesting.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
SECTION I.			
1. The Water-Partings of Europe — Western Section . . .	7	19. Marseilles to Lyon . .	90
2. Ditto—Central Section . . .	11	20. Geneva . . .	94
3. Ditto—Eastern Section . . .	15	21. Geneva to Chamouni . .	96
4. The Great Water-Parting as a whole (i.) . .	19	22. North Switzerland (i.) . .	100
Ditto (ii.) . . .	22	Ditto (ii.) . . .	102
5. The Seine and its Tributaries (i.) . . .	25	23. Avalanches . . .	105
Ditto (ii.) . . .	28	24. The Oberland . . .	110
6. Paris . . .	31	25. The Swiss People . . .	113
7. Paris to Havre . . .	34	26. The Rhine . . .	116
8. Ditto (continued) (i.) . .	37	27. The Rhine (continued) . .	119
Ditto (continued) (ii.) . .	39	28. Germany as a whole . . .	122
9. The English Channel . .	43	29. The Rivers of Central and Eastern Germany (i.) . . .	124
10. Estuary of the Scheldt . .	47	Ditto (ii.) . . .	127
11. The Meuse and Scheldt . .	50	Ditto (iii.) . . .	129
12. Holland . . .	55	30. From Bordeaux to Lisbon (i.) . . .	131
13. Belgium . . .	58	Ditto (ii.) . . .	134
14. Brussels during the Battle of Waterloo . .	60	31. Portugal . . .	137
15. Brussels to Nantes . .	64	32. Northern and Central Spain . . .	141
16. The Bay of Biscay . .	67	33. Southern Spain (i.) . .	145
17. The Pyrenees (i.) . .	72	Ditto (ii.) . . .	148
Ditto (ii.) . . .	76	34. From Cadiz to Naples . .	151
Ditto (iii.) . . .	83	35. Naples to Malta . . .	154
18. Bordeaux to Lyon (i.) . .	85	36. Malta to Brindisi and Rome . . .	158
Ditto (ii.) . . .	87	37. From Lucerne to Milan . .	161
		38. The Basin of the Po . .	164

	PAGE		PAGE
39. Venice and Rome (i.) .	168	SECTION II.	
Ditto (ii.) .	171	1. Latitude . . .	213
40. The Basin of the Danube (i.) . . .	173	2. Degrees of a Circle .	217
Ditto (ii.) . . .	176	3. Longitude . . .	220
41. Austro-Hungary . .	178	4. Ditto . . .	223
42. Turkey and the Provinces . . .	182	5. The Sun's Daily Path .	225
43. Greece (i.) . . .	185	6. Noon . . .	231
Ditto (ii.) . . .	189	7. The Earth's Daily Motion . . .	235
44. Russia (i.) . . .	193	8. Ditto . . .	237
Ditto (ii.) . . .	196	9. The Seasons . . .	239
45. The Frozen North (i.)	201	10. Ditto . . .	242
Ditto (ii.) .	205	11. Zones . . .	244
46. Johnny's Last Notes .	210	12. Ditto . . .	248
		13. Heat and Cold . .	251
		14. Ditto . . .	255

GEOGRAPHY READING BOOKS.

PART V.



I. THE WATER-PARTINGS OF EUROPE.

WESTERN SECTION.

1. LAST year, you remember, we took a little voyage round the coast of Great Britain, to see its bays and gulfs and river-mouths, its promontories and headlands, its islands and its sea-ports. We then fancied ourselves in a balloon, that we might skim over the tops of its mountains and hills, to get a good view of the water-partings and river-basins.

2. We have now to look at *Europe*, the con-

continent with which we have most to do. Here we shall find it best to see the main lines of the water-partings first. So let us send for our old balloon. We left it, I think, on the Cheviots, where we took our view of Flodden Field.¹

3. But what shall be our starting-point? Look at the map for a moment. The first glance will tell you that the great mountain chains run east and west, not—as in Great Britain—north and south. A second look, and you will see that there are one or two chains which break this rule—the **Scandinavian** in the north, the **Apennines** in the south, the **Ural** in the far east. And, of course, there are smaller ranges scattered in every direction. But, on the whole, the rule is, *east and west*. Our starting-point must, therefore, be in the west, in Spain or Portugal; say at **Cape Finisterre**, in the north-west of Spain. This name *Finisterre*, it is worth while to tell you, means exactly the same as our own *Land's End*, the end or farthest point of the land. Here, then, in the far west, we start for a long flight—a great deal longer and higher than those over the Pennines or the Grampians—to trace the main line of water-parting in the continent of Europe.

4. Our first *stage*, as we may call it, is due east,

¹ See *Geography Reading Book*, Part III., pp. 104, 174.

keeping very close to the northern coast of Spain. We are following the line of the **Cantabrian Mountains**, or, we should rather say, the most northern of four or five chains, which together form the great Cantabrian or Spanish range. Looking southward—our eyes, you remember, are supposed to see as far as we please!—there they are, chain rising behind chain—**Castilian, Mountains of Toledo, Sierra Morena**, and highest of all, in the extreme south, **Sierra Nevada**. All these run on the whole in the same direction, east and west. One other, the **Celtiberian**, branches off to the south-eastward. A new word, *Sierra*! Spanish, of course; and I do not think a name with this meaning is used anywhere except in Spain, and in countries where Spaniards have settled. It is very expressive. It means ‘*Saw* ;’ and it tells you that the face of the mountain chain is not flat and even, but has sharp points jutting out, and recesses between them, like the edge of a saw.

5. Between most of these chains are not valleys, but high table-lands sloping slowly down towards the Atlantic: the only exception is between the Sierra Morena and the Sierra Nevada in the extreme south, where, instead of a table-land, is a warm and fruitful plain. Through each of these you can mark the course of a great river,—the

Douro, the **Tagus**, the **Guadiana**, and the **Guadalquivir** flowing west and south-west, and the **Ebro** in the north-east corner. None of any size flow northward to the Bay of Biscay ; for, as on the west side of the Grampians, we are so near to the coast that each little stream runs a short rapid course by itself to the sea.

6. Continuing our eastward flight, the Cantabrian chain meets the **Pyrenees**. We can see at once that a very different country lies to the northward. For there are the smiling plains of France, broken by no really high hills, yet watered by three great rivers and their tributaries, the **Garonne**, the **Loire**, and the **Seine**. The sources of the Garonne are, as it were, at our feet, at the base of the Pyrenees. Cross over a narrow breadth of table-land to the **Cevennes** and the mountains of **Auvergne**, with their sharp peaks, and other remains of extinct volcanoes. There, embosomed among them, are the fountain-heads of the **Loire**, and, in the table-land to the north, those of the Seine and of the Belgian river, the **Meuse**. So, you see, *north* and *south* are to French rivers very much what *east* and *west* are to the north of England and Scotland : the sources are all in the mountains of the south ; the north and west receive the streams, and carry them gently onward to the English Channel and the Bay of Biscay.

II. THE WATER-PARTINGS OF EUROPE.

CENTRAL SECTION.

1. ONCE more we turn our faces eastward. Below us, in the south-east corner of France, is the deep valley of the **Rhône** ; and on the other side of it we must make our balloon rise higher than we have yet mounted. For we are coming to the **Alps**, the central range of Europe. Indeed, the hills we have been crossing, the Auvergne and the Cevennes, are really offshoots of the great mountain mass, divided from it by the valley of the Rhône, as another offshoot which you see to the north, **Mount Jura**, is divided from it by the Lakes of **Geneva** and **Neuchâtel**.

2. Let us take our stand on the highest point of all, **Mont Blanc**, or the *White Mountain*—a very common name, in many languages, for lofty heights. You can easily tell the reason why. Here, on a summer's day, you may see on every side—or, if they cannot really be seen, *we* can mount high enough in our balloon to see—lower heights, from which the winter's snow has melted away, clothed with fresh herbage, or standing bare with red or brown or grey rocks. But **Mont Blanc** and many

of his fellow giants are so high, and therefore so cold, that they never put off their robe of snow. Look when you will, they deserve the name of 'White Mountain.'

3. I have seen another mark of his great height. I was watching from Geneva the sunset on a fine summer evening. Slowly the light faded from the lower heights; one after another, they seemed to sink into the night; but, for at least ten minutes after all else was dark, the bright red rays rested on the white summit of Mont Blanc. Can you tell the reason why? As the sun went down, or rather as the earth in its daily motion turned away from the sun to the eastward, the top of the highest mountain, having a wider horizon, caught the rays of the sun after they were hidden from objects lower down; just as you were taught long ago that the surface of the earth was curved or rounded, by observing that, as a ship sailed away from you, you could see the masts and sails after you had lost sight of the hull. That is because there is no solid body between your eye and the masts; while the curved surface of the sea comes between your eye and the hull. So, there is no solid body between the sun and *Mont Blanc*, because it is so high; though at the same moment the earth itself comes between the sun and the Cevennes or Mount Jura.

4. Is Mont Blanc, then, so very much higher than the other mountains near it? No ; some of them are nearly of the same height, and are fit companions for the giant. But it *is* very much higher than any of those we have been crossing over. Let me give you some distinct notion of these heights. Suppose that, from our lofty point of view, we could see not only all the Alps, but all the mountains of France and Spain. There is the highest point of the **Cevennes**, 6,220 ft. above the level of the sea, or nearly one-third higher than Ben Nevis. Carry your eye on to the Pyrenees : the highest point is 11,168 ft., or not very far short of twice the height of the Cevennes. Farther still, the highest point of the Sierra Nevada is 11,663 ft. Far greater elevations, you see, than any in the British islands. Yet Mont Blanc, where we suppose ourselves to be standing, is more than 4,000 ft. above the Sierra Nevada ; its height being 15,744 ft., or very nearly three miles. If you suppose three Ben Nevises, piled one upon another, the top of the uppermost would be 1,300 ft. below Mont Blanc. Try to get this clearly into your minds. Think of any length of road which measures three miles, and then fancy it turned up on end ; its top would be nearly on a level with Mont Blanc.

5. From this great mountain range, as you

might suppose, flows a large portion of the waters of Central Europe. Besides the Rhône, which we have crossed, we see on the south the **Po**, the chief river of Italy ; on the north, the **Rhine**, the pride of Germany ; on the north-east, the **Inn** and other large feeders or branches of the **Danube**, the one great stream of Austria, Hungary, and Turkey. If we consider the Cevennes and the lower heights to the north of them to form part (as they really do) of the Alpine range, then nearly all the water we see flowing through France, all in Western Germany, and all in Austria and Hungary, has its source in this lofty region. In our next lesson we shall see that there are still a great many streams to be mentioned, before we have the full account of the waters flowing from the Alps and their offshoots.



Scale of Eng. Miles
0 40 80 120 160 200 240

Scale of Eng. Miles
0 20 40 60 80 100 120 140 160 180 200



[To face page 15.



III. THE WATER-PARTINGS OF EUROPE.

EASTERN SECTION.

1. FROM our 'watch-tower' over Mont Blanc—a far finer and loftier one than that on Carter Fell!—let us look, for a moment, southward. Stretching from the Alps through the whole length of Italy is the great *spur* called the **Apennines**. You can see that the name is very like the Pennines, and that it must have something to do with our old friend *Pen*. It does not even stop when it reaches the extreme point of Italy, but is continued on the other side of the Straits of Messina, and through the greater part of Sicily. Yet we need not go there, because it forms no part of the great water-parting between north and south. Southern Italy is so narrow, that it has no river of any great size.

2. Nor need we do more than look at the other great spur, the **Dinaric Alps**, which runs down the eastern side of the Adriatic Sea, and then splits into two—the **Balkan** stretching eastward across Turkey to the Black Sea, and **Pindus** southward.

through Greece to the Mediterranean. All these ranges are worth seeing ; but, at this moment, we want to get a clear view of our great mountain wall. So let us look out to the north and east, and settle which way we shall go.

3. Beginning with *Mount Jura*, and running our eye along to the northward, we observe that there is a broken line of hills on the east side of the Rhine, forming a sort of horseshoe facing southwards, and enclosing a high table-land. Through this table-land runs the main branch of the *Danube*, soon to be joined by our Alpine stream, the *Inn*. This seems to be the line for us to trace. We should *like* to keep to the mountain wall, and make that our line of division ; but there is the Danube, rising to the *north* of the wall, and yet flowing southward and eastward ! Let us try if we cannot find another line, which will make the division clear.

4. Come down, then, to Mount Jura, then cross the Rhine, and we are on the western side of the *horseshoe*, on the mountains of the **Black Forest**. Here are the sources of the Danube ; and we hope, by following this line, to find that all within the horseshoe is in the basin of this river. But no ! We cross first a small stream, then a larger one, the **Necker** and the **Maine**, but they flow the wrong

way—to the Rhine, not to the Danube! And if we still go on, round the horseshoe, to the mountains of Bohemia, we come to a still larger river, the **Elbe**, rising on the south of the chain, and forcing its way northward through a gorge.

5. Plainly, we have missed our water-parting! We must go back to the Black Forest; and then, running across the table-land of Bavaria, we find a low range of hills bounding the plain of Bohemia on the south, and guiding us to the northern end of the Carpathians. Pausing here, we may take a full view of the water-parting and the streams which flow from it. There, to our right, is the curved line of the **Carpathians**, enclosing the broad plain of Hungary: we have at last completely circled the basin of the Danube, till we see it burst its way round the southern end of the chain, and sweep through the open country to the Black Sea. Northward is the **great plain of Germany**, sloping gently to the German Ocean and the Baltic Sea, and watered by the **Weser**, the **Elbe**, the **Oder**, and the **Vistula**.

6. Here our mountain wall seems to stop. Beyond us is the low marshy country on the shores of the Black Sea. Yet, if we passed over the marshes or the sea, we should find the chain continued in the same direction, under the name of



[MOUNT ELBURZ.]

the **Caucasus** ; and here, in the south-east corner of Europe, on the very borders of Asia, is **Mount Elburz**, 18,493 feet above the sea, or more than 3,000 higher than Mont Blanc. So Mont Blanc, after all, is *not* the king of European mountains !

IV. THE GREAT WATER-PARTING AS A WHOLE.

(i.)

1. OUR view of the main water-parting of Europe is now complete ; for you can easily see that there are no great mountain chains in the centre of Russia : the streams flow in four different directions ; but the heights which divide them are only low table-lands : Sweden and Norway also stand apart from the rest of the Continent.

2. Leaving these for the present, you now see exactly how the rest of Europe is arranged—one great mountain wall, of which our ‘watch-tower,’ Mont Blanc, is the centre, stretching from the Atlantic to the Black Sea, and throwing out spurs northward into Germany, southward into Spain, Italy, Turkey, and Greece. Its long slopes, and wide plains, and largest rivers, are mostly to the

north and west ; the one great exception being the vast basin of the Danube. To the south of this great wall are the hottest countries ; to the north, especially to the north-east, are the severe winters and the pleasant summers. You will read more about this as we run over the different countries ; but I have taken pains to give you this general view, that you may know clearly the position and character of each country as we come to it.

3. All this, if you have followed it carefully, has been rather dry. Let me give you, to finish with, a livelier picture of one place in the Alps—the *Engadine*, one of the highest inhabited spots. The writer is describing the arrival of travellers from the southern or Italian side.

4. ‘Pleasant is the route by which Italy speeds her parting guests, and sends them upwards from her summery plains to the solemn haunts of winter. Upon the massive crags that overhang the way, the South still spreads her mantle of deepest foliage, whose verdure is blended from the green of the chestnut, the walnut, and the oak. . . . It is still the Land of Summer. But we go on and up. Farewell to Italy ! We begin to miss the walnut leaf ; we lose the chestnut ; we pass through galleries of unclothed rock. Over the dark crests of *pine and Alpine cedar*, flashes from sunlit snow-

peaks begin to reach us. The mountain stream is a torrent now, sometimes a waterfall. The Alpine rose and heather nestle on her rough banks; the mountain ash trembles over her angry tumult. Suddenly, a mist falls round us—a cloud; and though we can see nothing, we know that we are breasting the western face of the *Maloja*. The mist lifts; and behind, we have a dream-like glimpse of far-away plains sleeping in the sun; and below us, in the foreground, a deep, dark, *piney* gorge, whence the spray of a cascade rises up, quivering with the voice of its hidden waters. Down comes the mist again; nor does it rise till we suddenly find ourselves upon the level, and everything is clear again. We are in the *Engadine*. We stand on the edge of the upper mountain world—on a plateau 6,000 feet in height, where the great mountain peaks separate themselves at last from the chain. . . . Here, without effort to distress the feeblest, you can reach points where all the Alpine world lies before you—all the giants of near and far. Many of the highest mountains in Europe are beside you—you are halfway up them all! Yes, it is a goodly place. The splendid air, the noble scenery, the sound sleep—all these things are good.’¹

¹ *Mine is Thine*, by L. Lockhart.

(ii.)

5. And now, something finer—a description by one of our great poets, Lord Byron, who lived for some time in a lovely spot overhanging the Lake of Geneva :—

‘ Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche, the thunderbolt of snow !
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gathers around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below.’¹

6. Rather hard, is it not ? Let me give you a short lesson on it. You can see at once, in a general way, what he is speaking of—the greatness of the Alps. They are *palaces*, or the grand homes of Nature—Nature being thought of as a queen ; the rocks are their walls ; their *scalps* or heads are *pinnacled* in clouds—that is, they rise up like pointed towers or spires into the clouds. All this is easy enough : the next line and a half is the hardest : yet, with a little thinking, you might find out the meaning for yourselves. These mountain

¹ *Childe Harold*, cant. iii. § 62.



[‘ABOVE ME ARE THE ALPS.’]

tops never change—they have not changed since men have known them. So they are like *Eternity*, always the same ; and their summits are Eternity's throne—taking Eternity to be a person, sitting enthroned on the mountain top. *Sublimity* I should think you understand : to call anything *sublime* is to say that it is grand and wonderful—a thing which we stop to gaze at and admire. I need hardly tell you why the *avalanche*, that comes in a moment, rolling down the mountain side with a terrible sound, is compared to a *thunderbolt*. To *expand* is to open : to *appal* is to frighten : the poet says that these mountain tops open or cheer the mind—make him feel brighter and more cheerful, and yet at the same time they almost frighten him ; because they are at once so beautiful and so awful. The last line I leave to yourselves to explain. Now read the lines over again, and try to write a 'paraphrase' of them—that is, to put their meaning into plainer words. When you have done that, you will have a better notion of what the Alps are really like.

7. Now a picture of a thunderstorm :—

'The sky is changed ! and such a change ! Oh, night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong.
Yet lovely is your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,

From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !'¹

8. See how mountains look to the eye of a poet ! It is good for you, now and then, to read the words of such men, even if you do not quite understand them, that you may learn how much more there is in the works of Nature—that is, in the works of God—than it has ever entered into your minds to conceive.

9. I have now done with the mountains for the present, and you will have easier, and perhaps pleasanter lessons on the countries of Europe, one by one. We suppose a French lady to be writing to her sister in Paris an account of her travels with her sons. The next lesson will describe the first stage of her journey down the Seine.

V. THE SEINE AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

(i.)

1. MY DEAR SISTER,—I promised to tell your children the story of our wanderings. And now

¹ *Childe Harold*, cant. iii. § 92.

the time has come for beginning the account of our travels, which I dare say my nephews and nieces are anxiously looking out for.

2. Some time ago, as you remember, I told my sons Edmond and Gustave, that I would take them round Europe, to see its countries and its seas, if their teachers were thoroughly satisfied with the progress they made. To my great delight, the last report was very satisfactory ; they stood at the head of their classes.

3. Our departure from Paris was fixed for April 15. We had been talking about our route the evening before, with some friends ; and we were not sure whether we would at once trace the course of the *Seine downwards* to its mouth, or first take a trip *upwards*, to see its source. A family were present, who were making the tour of Europe as we were ; with this difference—they had nearly completed the round, and now desired to return to their home at Marseilles by going up the Seine.

4. The sons, youths like my own, asked my boys to be so good as to sketch the course of the river from Paris to the source.

Beginning with **Charenton**, Edmond said, ‘ Here, on the south-eastern skirt of Paris, on the right bank of the Seine, the **Marne** joins it——’

‘Wait, Edmond,’ said Gustave, ‘I have some-

thing to propose ; if you will trace the river, I will take the tributaries in hand ; this will be more amusing. You were speaking of the Marne. As I go up this tributary, I find it leads me by **Epernay**, a chief seat of one great trade—that in the wine called *champagne*. Here are vast underground caves, in which millions of champagne bottles are stored ; they are turned round and round for three years, and it is not till then that the wine becomes fit for the table.'

5. 'Passing through this country, which, as the word *champagne* tells us, is open and flat, we begin at last to rise, till we reach the source in **the table-land of Langres**.'

At this point Edmond cried, 'Prepare yourself, Gustave, for a good stroke of work. I have finished tracing the Seine, and have marked on its course the points where the tributaries enter. Describe them all as you did the Marne.'

'That is not easy,' answered Gustave. 'What would you have me say of the **Aube**, for example ? Ah ! I see that the table-land of Langres gives rise to this river also. And this is all that can be said about it.'

6. 'Does the Aube enter the Seine on the same side as the Marne ?'

'Yes, it is the last affluent that we come to on

the right side of the river in going *up* the stream. I must now turn round, and follow the left bank. The **Yonne** is the first tributary we come down to. It rises in the **hills of Morvan**, to the west of the table-land, and joins the Seine near **Fontainebleau**, so celebrated for its forest, its cliffs, and its palace. There are other smaller tributaries, but these are the most important.'

(ii.)

7. It was now Edmond's turn. He sketched rapidly not only the basin of the Seine, but the whole slope of the Channel, that is, of the country draining into the English Channel, and asked to be allowed to run quickly over it in such pleasant company. 'Let us begin at **Brest**.'

'I beg your pardon,' said the son of a captain, whose eyes grew bright with interest whenever a port was mentioned, 'Brest is not in the slope of the Channel; the waters close to Brest flow into the Bay of Biscay.'

8. 'Very true,' answered my son. 'I meant only to mark our starting-point clearly. I must try to be very exact, I see. Let us follow the water-parting all round the slope of the Channel, and we must not forget that we begin not in Brest, but to the north of Brest, on the crest of the hills

of **Brittany**. Here we are not far from the most western point of France. We move eastward along the hills of Brittany, south-eastward along the hills of **Normandy**, where we see the sources of the **Eure** below us, the hills of **Nivernais**, and the hills of Morvan, to which we have already traced the Yonne. We are now at our most southerly point. The hills bend to the north-eastward till we reach the **Côte d'Or**. So far we have had the basin of the Loire on our right ; we are now skirting that of the Rhône.'

9. 'We have spoken of the sources of the tributaries of the Seine, but not of the source of the Seine itself. Here it is, in **Mount Tasselot**, a high point rising from the table-land. Having found it, we continue our rapid march to the north-eastward, along the table-land of Langres itself, where the Aube, the Marne, and the Aisne, all take their rise. As we go further north, to the frontier of Belgium, the hills, called **Argonne** at first, take the name of **Ardennes**. We shall hear of Ardennes again. Still following the line of the hills of **Artois**, we reach the Channel near **Boulogne**.

10. 'We have thus included between the hills and the English Channel, not only the basin of the Seine, but a little bit of country to the north-east which does not belong to it,—the basin of the



[AMIENS CATHEDRAL.]

Somme, on the other side of the hills of **Picardy**. In this small basin are many places whose names call up historical events. The most interesting is **Crécy**, where Edward III. of England gained the first of the three great English victories over the French. The most striking is the city of **Amiens**, with its noble cathedral.'

II. I interrupt the lady's letter for a moment, to point out to you that this river-basin is the northern part of the plain which we saw from Mont Blanc, covering nearly the whole of France. The hills which Edmond has described are (as we saw) very low ; but, like others still lower, which we saw last year in England, they are high enough to form an important water-parting between the Seine in the north, and the Loire and Rhône in the south.

VI. PARIS.

I. HAVING heard this description, we all agreed that it would be better to follow the downward course of the Seine at once. We were most fortunate in the day chosen for setting out. Our charming Paris, at all times lovely, looked its best on the bright April day. Though our minds were full of

the thought of visiting other scenes, yet we felt sorry to lose sight of all the beautiful objects it contains. There are the towers of the great church of *Notre Dame*, the gilded spire of *Sainte Chapelle*, and the equestrian statue of *Henry of Navarre*, the most popular of French heroes.

2. The captain of the vessel we sailed in had his wife and children with him on board. We found them very pleasant people, and my boys at once began to talk to them about Paris.

They knew nothing of it, except what they had seen from the Seine. This seemed strange to my boys. Gustave could hardly believe that a man could arrive on business in 'the capital of the civilised world,' as he called it, and yet lack the curiosity which leads others to visit every street, and hunt up every corner.

3. 'Only think, monsieur, that in the city we are quitting there are more than two million inhabitants. After London, it is the most populous town in Europe, and *we* think far more beautiful than the English capital. The narrow streets of olden time are being rapidly replaced by new roads—wide, airy, and well drained. Superb *boulevards* or avenues, planted with trees, cross it in every direction. Gardens or parks, rich in plants and flowers, and open to the public, meet you at every

step. These open places are especially valuable to children and to invalids. In London, as I hear, there are very few of these, and most of them dull and tame, compared with those of Paris.

4. 'One curious thing about Paris is, that it is in part built on catacombs, or ancient quarries, from which the stone used in the construction of old Paris was obtained. So from time to time some of the houses have sunk a little into the earth.' 'I confess, that the holes I have seen,' said Edmond, 'have made me think I should not like to live in that neighbourhood.'

5. 'Which do you consider the most remarkable sights in the city?' asked the captain, 'and what would you advise us to go and see?'

'First of all,' answered Gustave, 'there is the *Bois de Boulogne*, with its cascades, its groves, its lakes, and its avenues. Then, do not fail to go to see the Palace of the Tuileries and the gardens around, the Louvre and its museums and galleries.'

'But I thought nearly all the public buildings had been burnt,' interrupted the captain's wife.

'No, no, madame, not all of them, and several have been rebuilt already; but no doubt the new buildings are not so interesting as the old.'

'These are a few out of many: here is a list in writing, if you like to have it with you.'

6. 'Thanks, monsieur. I should never be able to recall all these places, and it will surely be impossible to visit them all in a fortnight !'

'To see them thoroughly, Yes! To cast a glance at them, No! Paris is also celebrated for its workshops—where beautiful articles are made in bronze, and in precious metals and gems. But it is impossible, by a list of sights, to give you any notion of the charms of Paris. It is the general appearance which is so striking. In short, as every Parisian will tell you, the man who has not seen Paris has seen—nothing !'

7. 'Well, young man, you will change your opinion during your travels, believe me. I have seen Italy, and I think I have seen something. But I promise you to spend some days during my next stay in Paris in exploring your beloved city.'

VII. PARIS TO HAVRE.

1. AS Paris faded from our view, we tried to forget home, and prepared ourselves for enjoying the sail down the Seine. The sunshine of spring, which smiled upon us in Paris, continued with us through the lovely outskirts of the city, and through

the picturesque windings of the river, all the way to its mouth.

2. The first point of interest is the confluence of the Seine and the Oise. 'This tributary,' said Gustave, 'rises in the Ardennes Forest, just across the frontier of Belgium, receives the Aisne, almost as long as itself, on the left bank, and joins the Seine at Conflans.'

'Compiègne, famous for its hunting, seems to be the only place on its banks deserving of mention in passing.'

'Excuse me,' said a lady, 'although Reims is not on the banks of the Oise, will you not tell us something of it, as it is in the basin of this river, about midway between the Aisne and the Marne?'

3. From the other side of the vessel a gentleman came forward at this moment to join in the conversation.

'Did I hear you speak of Reims? Will you allow me to say a few words about my native town?'

'Certainly, sir, we will hear you gladly!'

4. 'Since the late war between France and Germany,' began the new comer, 'Reims has been raised to the rank of a fortress of the first order. The town stands in a plain, but is surrounded at some distance by hills, which, in the district, we

have the boldness to call the *mountains of Reims*. Since 1871 forts have been built on some of the principal heights, which I trust would serve the purpose of hindering the advance of an invading army.

5. 'But the great sight of Reims, for its beauty and its history, is the noble cathedral to which Joan of Arc took Charles VII. to be crowned, where so many French kings had been crowned before him. On the slopes of the hills are to be seen the celebrated vines of Champagne, and underground are miles of cellarage cut out of the chalk for the preparation of this sparkling wine. And that is a sight,' said he, with a smile, turning to an English friend who stood near him, 'which you cannot see at home!'

6. 'No,' replied the Englishman; 'we certainly cannot cover our hills with vines. And yet you, as well as we, are on the northern side of the great mountain wall.'

'True, my friend; but we are many degrees of latitude farther south, and "merry England" may sometimes envy "the pleasant land of France," if not "her corn-fields green," at least her "sunny vines."''

VIII. PARIS TO HAVRE (*continued*).

(i.)

1. A FEW miles below the mouth of the Oise is **Mantes**—a little place which might never have been heard of but for the accident which cost the life of the first Norman king of England. For, in all this part of the Seine, we are passing through *Normandy*, the province of France where the old Norse rovers had settled, and from which William, the descendant of their first leader, Rollo, crossed the Channel, to win the throne of England and the title of Conqueror. At Mantes his horse trod on hot ashes and threw him; and at **Caen** he was buried.

2. At **Les Andelys**, the ruins of the *Saucy Castle* of Richard Cœur-de-Lion reminded us again of the connection of Normandy with England. 'Richard fixed its site, where the Seine bends suddenly at Gaillon in a great semicircle to the north, and where the valley of Les Andelys breaks the line of the chalk cliffs along its bank. Blue masses of woodland crown the distant hills; within the river curve lies a dull reach of flat meadow, round which the Seine, broken with green islets, and dappled with the grey and blue of the sky, flashes like a

silver bow on its way to Rouen. . . . In the angle between the valley of Gambon and the Seine, on a spur of the chalk hills, which only a narrow neck of land connects with the general plateau, rose, at a height of 300 feet above the river, the crowning fortress of the whole. . . . Even now, in its ruin, we can understand the triumphant outburst of its royal builder as he saw it rising against the sky—"How pretty a child is mine, this child of but one year old!" . . . "*I will take it were its walls of iron,*" exclaimed Philip, King of France, in his anger. "*I would hold it were the walls of butter,*" was the defiant answer of the lion-hearted King of England!'¹ And he did hold it! But, in the reign of John, it was taken by the French, and Normandy from that day was part of France.

3. A little below Les Andelys, we passed the point where the **Eure** joins the Seine. 'There is no remarkable place in the course of this river,' said Gustave, and we have already mentioned its sources in the hills of Normandy. 'Excuse me,' said a gentleman, who had not yet spoken, 'there is a place—a very little place, standing on its banks, which ought to be remembered—I mean *Ivry*. We have been speaking of two stern and selfish Norman heroes—William the Conqueror,

¹ Green's *History of the English People*.

and Richard the Lion-hearted. How different was the hero of Ivry ! For here, you know, was fought the great battle between Henry of Navarre, the Protestant leader and rightful heir to the French throne, and the party opposed to him, led by the Duke of Guise and his brother. But why give a thought to Henry ? Or why, at this distance of time, feel a pleasure in knowing that he won the battle ? Not simply because he was a Protestant ; it is unhappily true that he afterwards forsook his faith, in order to strengthen his throne. But it is pleasant to think of his victory, because he was contending for freedom of conscience—that is, freedom for every Frenchman to worship God according to his own belief, with none to make him afraid !'

(ii.)

4. Hear how the English poet sings of Ivry and its hero : I give you one verse out of six. Mayenne and D'Aumale, as I dare say you know, were two of the family of Guise. 'St. Bartholomew' means St. Bartholomew's Day ; on which, some years before, the chief leaders of the Protestants, or *Huguenots*, as they were called, were treacherously murdered by the king and the Roman Catholic nobles. You see how Henry's followers remembered it, and how ready they were to return evil

for evil. So it always is! Wrong brings more wrong after it; those who have suffered are only too ready to make others suffer in turn, when they have the power. All honour to Henry, that in the moment of triumph he could be merciful to those who had shown no mercy! Now for the verses:—

5. 'Now God be praised, the day is ours, Mayenne has turned his rein;

D'Aumale has cried for quarter, the Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance; and, all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man.

But out spoke gentle Henry: "*No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.*"

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship, or in war,
As our sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?"¹

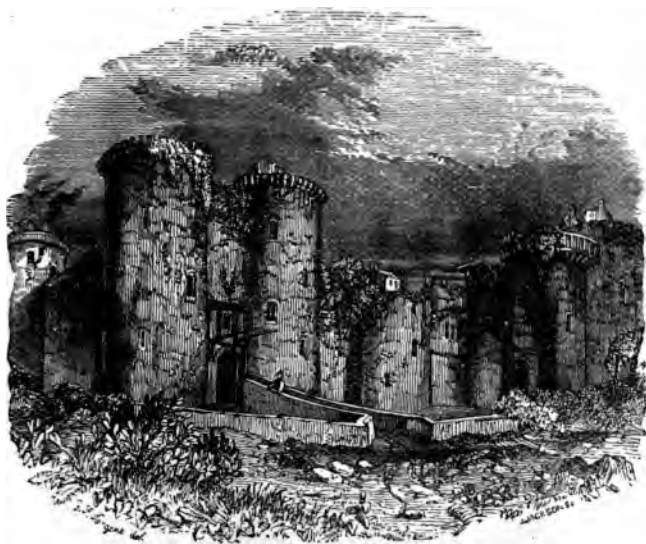
6. We sailed on to Rouen, the old capital of Normandy, now the great centre of the cotton manufacture of France. What do you think of the picture of the Castle which I bought for you at Rouen?

We did not stop long to look at the shipping, the factories, the cathedral, and the many other interesting sights. At one time Rouen was the

¹ Macaulay, *Battle of Ivry*.

chief port on the Seine. Now, the younger and smaller town of **Havre de Grace** or Le Havre, nearer the sea, is its successful rival.

7. On reaching Havre we found that the harbour, which has a long pier, though narrow at its



[CASTLE OF ROUEN.]

entrance, is capable of containing three or four hundred vessels. It is a place of great bustle and activity, and numerous steamers sail regularly to the chief ports of France, England, and the United States. I forgot to say that, as we were coming

along from Rouen to Havre, we saw **Harfleur** on



[STREET IN HARFLEUR.]

the opposite or western side of the mouth of the Seine. It is a place well deserving of a visit ; but

I am afraid we cannot go there this time. So I send you a picture of one of its streets, which I bought in a shop at Havre.

IX. THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

1. WE left Havre with the dawn of the next day in an English steamer bound for **Antwerp**. The weather was in our favour, and we enjoyed the view from the deck. There, though our vessel was not a packet chiefly intended for carrying passengers, we met travellers of different nations, and of varying characters—some grave, others gay. Your two cousins were of the merry class.

2. Much to my amusement, I presently heard them conversing with the first mate.

‘Have you travelled much, my lads?’ said he to them.

‘No, sir,’ answered Gustave. ‘We have come from Paris to Havre ; we never had so long a trip before, but we should like to see all the cities in the world !’

The mate could not help laughing as he said, ‘There’s no mistake about it ; you are anxious to see a great deal !’

‘Will you be so kind, sir, as to give us some account of your voyages?’

‘With pleasure, young friends ; but, before I do so, look in this direction ;’ and he pointed to the south. ‘That town is **Dieppe**. There, as at Havre, people are daily arriving from England, or leaving France for England.’

3. ‘Where in England do they land?’

‘At Newhaven, on the Sussex coast, between Brighton and Beachy Head.’

‘And the steamer we saw coming into Havre last night?’

‘It had sailed from Southampton, near the Isle of Wight.’

‘Then there are many ways of crossing the Channel to England?’

‘Yes. Turn round and look to the west. There—but too far off for you to see it—the **peninsula of Cotentin** stretches northward into the Channel. On the further side of this peninsula lie the **Channel Islands**, *Jersey*, *Guernsey*, *Alderney*, and *Sark*. Of all the vast continental possessions of her Norman and Plantagenet kings, these islands are the only ones remaining to England. They have long had steam communication both with Southampton and Weymouth. Can you tell me the chief naval port on this coast of France?’

‘Cherbourg,’ replied the two together.

‘Steamers ply between this strongly fortified



[FISHER GIRL OF GRANVILLE.]

port and the English ports of Weymouth and Southampton. Now face right about.’

4. 'We are now looking the way the vessel is going,' said Gustave.

'Yes, and on our way to Antwerp we have to pass **Boulogne, Calais, Ostend, and Flushing**, in whose streets you may any day meet English tourists either newly arrived from their island home, or on the point of returning to it. I have not named all the ports, they are so numerous; but I know them all. **Dunkirk**, for example——'

5. Here a signal from the captain interrupted the conversation, and the mate immediately hastened to the post of duty. Edmond and Gustave drew near to me, delighted with their new acquaintance, and hoping that he would soon rejoin them to continue his interrupted talk. But he did not come. We passed all the ports he had named, which, like the mouth of the Somme and **Cape Gris Nez**, were on the south, or on our right hand as we steamed through the Straits of Dover and across the German Ocean. As we passed through the narrow seas where England and France are only some twenty miles apart, we had a long talk about the railway tunnel which has been so long spoken about. Judging from the borings at each end, it is likely to be made very soon. Under the sea, right across from England to France, is solid chalk like the cliffs of Dover, and there is

no doubt that the tunnel *can* be made. When ready, will it not be a pleasant way of crossing from France to Britain? What a relief to those who suffer from sea-sickness!

X. THE ESTUARY OF THE SCHELDT.



[GRAND CANAL NEAR DORT.]

I. AFTER passing **Ostend**, we continued to steam to the north-east till we reached the mouth of the **Scheldt**; then, turning eastward, we entered the estuary. A fellow-passenger, an American, was so good as to point out to me the objects of

interest, as we went up the river to Antwerp, a distance of sixty miles. 'The river,' he said, 'is here ten miles broad, and the land on each side belongs to the Dutch (the people of Holland), though it rises in France, and for the greater part of its course is a Belgian river.

2. 'Observe, as we pass, the *dykes* for which Holland is famous. They tell a double tale. They speak first of the long struggle of the Dutch with a stubborn and persevering enemy—the sea. The greater part of Holland is below the sea level; and, if it had belonged to a southern race, Italians, Spaniards—yes, madame, even your own Frenchmen!—most likely the struggle would have been given up, and the sea would have been left the conqueror. But we of the old *Teutonic* stock—Dutchmen, Englishmen, or Yankees—do not like giving up. So the Dutchmen set to work, and fairly built out the sea by those strong walls or *dykes*. Yet the enemy, though beaten back and kept outside, has never ceased to watch for an opening. The dykes need constant care; and, if people were to grow careless and forget them, the sea would soon break through, and the labour of former days would be undone.

3. 'Do you see the sluice-gates on the right? Here large vessels enter into a ship canal, along

which they pass into the inland city of **Ghent**. Every step we take tells us what sort of people live in this little country—a hardy, hardworking, persevering race, who have made the most of every inch that they have won from the ocean ; whose towns are not only full of curious old buildings, but are also models to show other nations how clean a town may be kept ; whose gardens, though rather stiff and formal, are rich with choicest flowers, gorgeous in colour, and perfect in form.

4. ‘ But these dykes and canals have another tale to tell. We are now passing a spot which reminds me of it. Over the Scheldt at this point, about three hundred years ago, stood a bridge. Had you been on the bank you might have watched some “fire-ships” floating down the river to destroy the bridge ; and you might have asked why any one should wish to do such a deed as this. Ah ! but there was a cause. That bridge was in the hands of the Spanish General, the Duke of Parma ; and his soldiers passed to and fro over it, to hinder the Dutch from sending food to the city of Antwerp, which he was then besieging. For the people of the Netherlands had to fight with a more cruel enemy than the sea. The King of Spain was trying to subdue the country ; his armies were far stronger than any they could raise, and the Duke of

Parma was the best general in Europe. On land they could not resist him ; but they were fighting for liberty, and a people which fights for liberty is seldom beaten in the end. More than once they let the sea flow through the sluices and cover the land ; and then, in ships and boats, they were more than a match for the enemy. After long years of suffering they won their freedom at last.

5. ' These very fire-ships, though they failed to save Antwerp, did good service in another way. They so frightened the Spaniards that when, a few years later, the " Invincible Armada " was attacked near Calais by the English fleet, a few fire-ships spread such terror among the Spaniards that they broke into disorder, and from that moment made no real stand.'

6. We thanked our American friend. We knew something of these struggles before ; but it brought them much more freshly to our minds to hear of them on the very spot.

XI. THE MEUSE AND THE SCHELDT.

1. THE morning after we reached Antwerp, one of our fellow-travellers, a little boy named Charles, came running to my son's room, knocking at the

door, and crying out, 'Mr. Edmond, you have said nothing about the Meuse, and yet the river is in France, because it passes Mézières, where my mother lives, and father also, when he returns home from the camp;' (for his father was an officer in the army). 'But I am going off to-day with my aunt to my grandmother's, who wishes me to see **Amsterdam**. Tell me, Mr. Edmond, why have you not spoken of our fine river?'

2. 'My little friend, simply because your fine river, as you call it, is not a French river all the way to the sea,' answered Edmond. 'Its source, as well as that of the Scheldt, is in France, but it afterwards flows through Belgium and Holland; and finally finds its way into the North Sea, as the Scheldt does also. The Meuse, or *Maas*, as it is called in Holland, splits up at its mouth into many arms, which surround the islands of **Zealand**.'

3. 'Do you remember what hills bounded the basin of the Somme on the north-east?'

'Yes; they are the hills of Artois.'

'Exactly so, my friend; well, these very hills on the opposite side give rise to the Scheldt. The source of the Meuse is to be found much further south, at the extremity of the Plateau of Langres, where we found that the Marne and other streams

began. In fact the high ground—the West Ar-gonne and West Ardennes—between the Meuse and these tributaries of the Seine is very narrow. Your fine river the Meuse, before leaving France, not only passes your own town, **Mézières**, but also



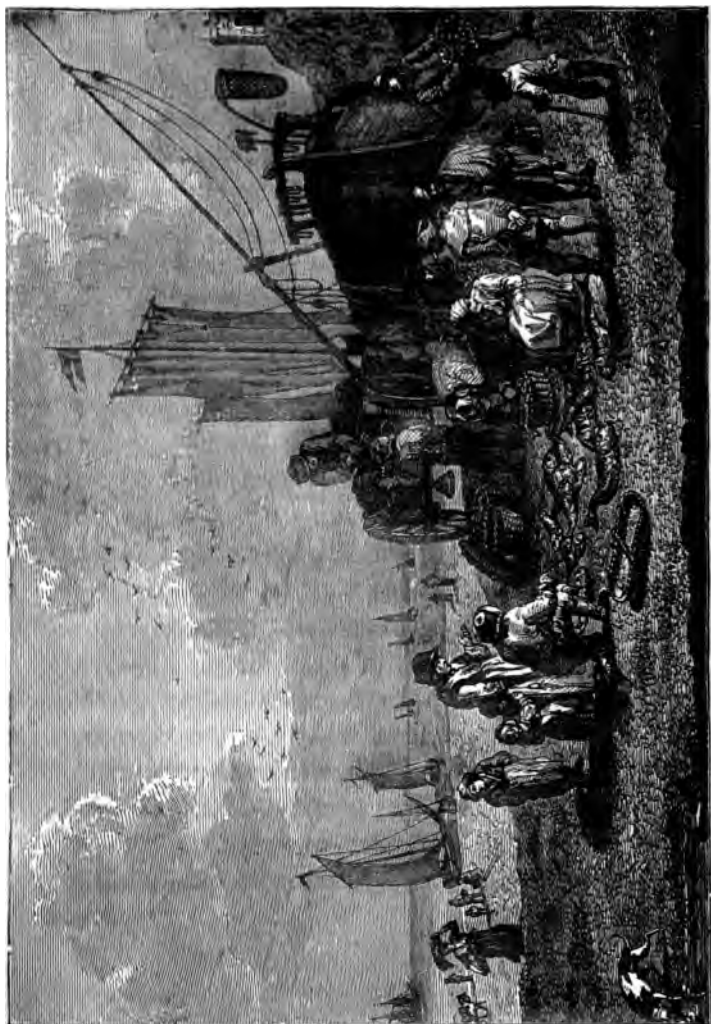
[SHEPHERDESS OF DOMREMY.]

Sedan, a word full of sad recollections for France. There, in 1870, nearly the whole of the French army was surrounded in a hollow. The Germans commanded the heights and the roads; there was no way of escape; and the whole army were obliged to lay down their arms.'

4. 'One other little village should be mentioned, where a little girl was born more than four hundred years ago, who became one of the glories of France.'

'Ah! I know,' cried Charles; 'you mean **Domremy**, where Joan of Arc was born.'

5. We now proposed to turn our faces homewards, and pass through Belgium, on our way to Paris. But I cannot leave **Antwerp**, the chief town on the Scheldt and the commercial capital of Belgium, without a word or two as to the many objects of interest in this old city. We were struck by the busy river, the lively quay, the docks crowded with the shipping of many nations, the market people in their ancient Flemish dress, the old streets with tables and seats standing in front of the coffee-houses. It was curious also to hear the two languages, the French and the Flemish, freely spoken on all sides. And then the pictures! especially those of Rubens, the great Flemish painter. Something of his is to be seen in all the churches, and his tomb is in the Church of St. Jacques. The spire of Antwerp Cathedral is one of the highest in the world, 404 feet high, and contains a famous peal of sixty bells.



XII. HOLLAND.

1. THE evening before we left Antwerp, we had a long conversation with a French gentleman, M. Nicolas, who had been making a little tour in Holland. He was kind enough to offer to describe to us whatever we cared most to hear about.

‘Where shall I take you first?’ said he, smiling, and turning to Gustave.

‘I should like,’ said Gustave, ‘to hear about Amsterdam, and the mouths of the Rhine.’

2. ‘Well, then, to **Amsterdam** let us go. It is a very striking city, with canals crossing it in every direction, full of the bustle of trade, and yet wonderfully clean when compared with other seaports. I was there on a festival day, and it was very curious to observe the costumes of the peasants, and especially the many-coloured head-dresses of the women. Sometimes, I was told, the dowry of a young woman may be seen in gold and silver plates on her head, or rich heavy rings hanging from her ears.

3. ‘One important trade of Amsterdam is *diamond-cutting*. In one workshop I found four hundred men busily engaged in preparing them for sale, or for exporting to Paris, or London, or Vienna.

‘Last, but not least, I must tell you of the great Ship Canal, 60 miles long, very deep and very wide, by which the largest ships can come up to the city. If you look in the map, you will see what a long round they would have to take to get there by the Zuyder Zee. As you may suppose, it is always crowded with vessels of every kind.’

4. ‘But where is the Rhine?’ said Gustave.

‘Not here!’ replied M. Nicolas. ‘It is true that one of its arms, called the *Yssel*, flows northward to the Zuyder Zee; but the real Rhine enters the German Ocean farther to the south. Let me trace my way by the cities I passed.

5. ‘Going westward, I came to **Haarlem**, famous for its great organ, and also for hyacinths, tulips, and crocuses. I do not know why it is so, but no country can compete with Holland in the growth of these bulbs.

‘Then southward to **Leyden**, where I tried to picture to myself the scene when the city, like Antwerp, was besieged by the Spaniards, and the brave Dutchmen, though starving, broke down the dykes, and let in the sea, rather than surrender to the enemy. It is pleasant to remember that their courage and patience were not in vain: relief came over the waters just in time.

6. ‘I need not say much about **The Hague**, the capital, though a smaller place than Amster-

dam, or of **Delft**, where storks abound, and which gives its name to common earthenware. I hasten on to **Rotterdam**, another busy seaport ; and here at last we find the real mouth of the Rhine, or (as it is called) the *Waal*. But, indeed, it is hard to say what its name is, or where its mouth is. It is often called the *Maas*, after its junction with the Maas or Meuse, at *Dort* or *Dordrecht* ; and it runs into the sea by many arms, separated by the innumerable islands of Zealand.

7. 'From Rotterdam I come on to Antwerp, well pleased with my little trip.

'The country, as you know, is flat, and seems tame to a lover of mountains ; but it is rich in meadows and pasture land. Butter, cheese, and eggs are the chief produce ; and the Dutch farmers have large quantities of them to export to foreign countries.' The most striking feature, as you pass along, is really the number of windmills. Having but few rivers, the Dutch miller depends chiefly on the wind.

8. 'And which way are you going now, M. Nicolas?' asked Edmond.

'I intend,' said he, 'to see a little more of the country before I go up the Rhine to join my nephew in Switzerland. Perhaps I may go northwards again, to visit **Utrecht**.'

9. '*Switzerland!*' we exclaimed. 'Then, per-

haps, we may meet again. We hope to be there in a week or two, and you will then tell us about the glorious Rhine. Shall you be at Geneva ?'

'Yes, madame ; Geneva is my meeting-point with my nephew.'

'Then, farewell for the present. We owe you our best thanks for this pleasant evening, and we look forward with pleasure to others of the same kind at Geneva.'

XIII. BELGIUM.

I. AND now, do you feel disposed to follow us in our journey across Belgium—a small but very populous country—as it were one great town ?

Fancy yourselves, then, seated in a compartment of a railway carriage. As far as **Malines** (**Mechlin**) we were alone. At this station two passengers stepped in—business men, it seemed to us—and soon, in French fashion, began to talk. Like most Belgians, they spoke French. They had been to Malines to buy some of the beautiful lace for which that town, as well as Brussels, is renowned. After speaking of Ghent, Bruges, and Ostend, 'Have you seen **Liège**, madame ?' said one of them to me.

‘No, monsieur ; but we intend going there to see something of its great manufacture of cannon and rifles.’

‘Yes, it is well worth seeing. It has increased wonderfully, its growth having been greatly assisted by the nearness of coal and iron, which abound in the Belgian portion of the basin of the Meuse. People often call it the *Birmingham* of Belgium, just as Brussels is well named *Little Paris*.’

2. Several interesting scraps of information as to the district through which we were passing were furnished by our pleasant companions, and then we left the train at **Brussels** Station, to rest in the Belgian capital for the night. We admired the beauty and cleanliness of the town, and we managed to see something of the carpet manufacture for which Brussels is celebrated. The great sight for visitors is of course the famous field of **Waterloo**, a few miles off.

3. We had not time to go to see it, and to our French feeling it would have been no very pleasant sight ! But we tried to picture to ourselves how Brussels looked on that 15th of June, when the news came of Napoleon’s advance—when the mirth and gaiety of the ball were broken up by the summons to every soldier to hurry to his post and make ready for the march. Some of us

thought of Byron's famous lines. Let me give you two stanzas :—

' And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
 Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come! they
 come!"

' And Ardennes ¹ waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.' ²

XIV. BRUSSELS DURING THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

1. Now for a very different view of Brussels,
 before and during the great battle.

Three English officers are marching with the

¹ The forest, through which they marched.

² Byron, *Childe Harold*, cant. iii. §§ 25, 27.

army, leaving their wives in Brussels. Here is the picture of the first, the Major's wife : '—Mrs. O'Dowd, the good housewife, felt that her duty was to act, not to sleep, at this juncture. "Time enough for that," she said, "when Mick's gone;" and so she packed his travelling valise ready for the march, brushed his cloak, his cap, and other warlike habiliments, set them out in order for him, and stowed away in the cloak pockets a light package of portable refreshments, and a wicker-covered flask containing near a pint of a remarkably sound Cognac brandy of which the Major approved very much; and as soon as the hands of the clock pointed to half-past one, she woke up her Major, and had as comfortable a cup of coffee prepared for him as any made that morning in Brussels. . . . The consequence was that the Major appeared on parade, trim, fresh, and alert, giving cheerfulness and confidence to the whole regiment. When they marched by the balcony on which this brave woman stood, all the officers saluted her, and she replied with a cheer.'

2. A second wife :—Captain Crawley 'went off on his campaign with something like a prayer on his lips for the woman he was leaving. He held her in his arms for a minute, tight pressed against

¹ Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, chaps. xxx. and xxxiii.

his strong-beating heart. His face was purple and his eyes dim, as he put her down and left her. . . . Rebecca, as we have said, wisely determined not to give way to useless grief on her husband's departure. She waved him an adieu from the window, and stood there for a moment looking out after he was gone. There had been no rest for her that night. She was still in her pretty ball-dress. "What a fright I seem," she said, "and how pale this pink makes me!" She put her bouquet of the ball into a glass of water, and went to bed and slept very comfortably.'

3. A third wife:— 'Presently he got sight of Amelia's face. But what a face it was! So white, so wild and despair-stricken! She was wrapped in a white morning dress, her hair falling on her shoulders, and her large eyes fixed and without light. She came out and stood leaning at the wall. And there was no help, no means to soothe and comfort this helpless, speechless misery. At last George [Captain Osborne] took her hand and led her back into the bedroom, from whence he came out alone. The parting had taken place in that moment, and he was gone. The sun was just rising as the march began—it was a gallant sight. . . . As George came marching at the head of his company, he looked up and smiled at Amelia, and

passed on ; and even the sound of the music died away.'

Which of the three wives do you like best ?

4. Now for Brussels during the battle. The sound of cannon has been heard. 'Crowds rushed to the Namur gate, from which direction the noise proceeded, and many rode along the level causeway to be in advance of any intelligence from the army. The merchants closed their shops, and came out to swell the chorus of alarm and clamour. Women rushed to the churches, and knelt and prayed on the flags and steps. The dull sound of the cannon went on rolling, rolling. . . . After hearing the firing for a moment, the stout Major's wife bethought her of her friend, and ran in to watch and console Amelia. She passed hours by her friend's side, and never let go her hand once until after sunset, when the firing was over.'

5. This was the first day of fighting. The third day was Sunday, the 18th—the day of Waterloo. 'As Mrs. O'Dowd was reading the service to Amelia the cannon of Waterloo began to roar. All that day, from morning till past sunset, it never ceased. It was dark when it stopped all of a sudden. All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth; its remembrance rankled long in the bosoms of

millions of the countrymen of the brave men who lost the day. All our friends took their share, and fought like men. Darkness came down on the field and city ; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart !'

XV. BRUSSELS TO NANTES.

I. THE next day we set out, as we had been advised, for Liège, which stands on the Meuse, and then hurried on past **Namur**, where the **Sambre**, flowing from its source in France, joins the **Meuse** on the left, to **Charleroi**, through a country of coal and collieries, smoke and furnaces ; for minerals and the working of metals form the riches of this part of Belgium. On the west are the elevations known as the hills of Belgium. They form the water-parting between the Scheldt and the Sambre and Meuse. From Charleroi we made for **Givet**, a fortified town on the north-eastern frontier of France, standing in a horn of land which France pushes into Belgium.

From Givet to Reims, and from Reims to Paris, our journey was made in the night ; and, next

day, we once more set out on our travels, to see the rivers and towns of the south-west of France.

2. As we were leaving Paris by the Orleans



[ORLEANS.]

railway, Edmond could not help saying, 'The name of the station makes me think of our little friend Charles.' 'What an idea! Why, I should like to

G. V.

E

know?' 'The word **Orleans** brings to my mind the brave "Maid of Orleans," Joan of Arc, and her name recalls the pretty, eager manner in which Charles let us know that the story of this heroine was interesting to him. I dare say he knows of all the places she has made famous, and Orleans is one of them.' We at length reached that town, which we found admirably situated on the Loire, at the point where, coming close up to the water-parting between it and the Seine, it has reached its most northern point.

3. The **Loire**! What a fine river, my children! It is the largest in France. Notice how long it is from its source in the Cévennes, which separate it from the basin of the Rhône, to Nantes, or rather Saint Nazaire, where it enters the Atlantic Ocean. High up in its course, near the hills, in the chief coal-field of France, stands **St. Etienne**, a manufacturing town of great importance, 'the Birmingham of France,' containing (besides silk-mills) forges, factories, and glass-works.

4. From Orleans to the sea its course is, on the whole, south-westerly. Its most important tributaries are the Allier, the Cher, the Indre, and the Vienne, on the left bank, and the Maine and Sarthe on the right. The next city we came to was Tours, standing near the point where the **Cher**, flowing

northwards from the **mountains of Auvergne**, enters the Loire. From Tours we meant to go by railway to Bordeaux ; but a charming family, who entered the train at **Blois**, between Orleans and Tours, persuaded us to give up our plan, and go with them down the river to Nantes. This brought us to **Angers**, the former capital of Anjou, an historic town of great interest. The Angevin or Plantagenet kings not only ruled over England, but also over the whole of the western side of France. Angers stands at the confluence of the Loire and Maine.

XVI. THE BAY OF BISCAY.

1. WE had no desire to linger in Nantes or St. Nazaire. They are important seaports ; but large seaports are seldom charming, when you are in the heart of them ! We enjoyed the sail down the lovely estuary of the Loire ; yet we were all delighted when we passed into open water and were fairly in the Bay of Biscay. Far to the north were the hills of **Brittany** ; but we could not turn aside to see them—to examine the Druidical remains, or observe the peculiar dress of the people,

or hear the old Breton language, all of which will soon be things of the past. Our course was southward, skirting the coast of La Vendée ; and Brittany was left for another time.

2. Your cousins were greatly interested by the conversation of our new friend, M. Santal, who pointed out to them, as we passed along, the special features of the coast. 'There,' said he, 'is *La Vendée*, where the last stand was made in 1792 on behalf of the royal cause against the first French Republic. Ah! those peasants were a noble race, too good for the kings and princes for whom they fought in their simple loyalty, their untrained courage, their patient suffering! And there were noble hearts among their leaders too! Henri de la Rochejaquelin was a true hero, of whom any country might be proud. Yet, after all, they did nothing, except set an example of how brave men can die for a hopeless cause. The rulers of France had sinned too long to be saved from their fate!'

3. 'Yes!' he continued, 'I forgot to remind you, as we left Nantes, of the story connected with that name. I suppose you know all about the Edict of Nantes?'

'You mean,' said Edmond, 'the decree of Henry IV., allowing full liberty of conscience, so

that Catholics and Protestants might each worship according to their own belief?'

'Yes! And you know how it was "revoked" or recalled, and what followed from the "revocation." In an evil hour for France, an unworthy descendant of Henry's withdrew from Protestants that "freedom to worship God," for which his ancestor had fought. And what followed? Many gave way, and professed what they did not feel; many were put to death; many—and they were among the best French citizens—took refuge in England and Holland. A grievous loss, every way, to our country!'

4. 'Did not the same thing happen in England?' asked Edmond, who had been studying English history, 'in the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II.?''

'True! my young friend; but the English Revolutions came soon enough to check the evil. The Pilgrim Fathers found refuge on the "cold New England shore;" and Penn's Quakers made a home for freedom among the forests of Pennsylvania. But they left men behind them who could still fight the battle, till William of Orange came at last to settle for ever in England the question of civil and religious liberty. At least he settled the great principles of it; for no doubt it

took a long time before, even in England, people quite understood how far those principles ought to carry them.'

5. 'But see! There, behind the island of Ré, is **La Rochelle**, "proud city of the waters"—the *martyr-city*, as we may call her, to the cause of Henry and liberty. You know, I dare say, all that she had to bear in that cause—her long siege—her sufferings from famine—her capture and punishment. When Ivry had been fought and won, it is Rochelle especially whom the poet calls upon to rejoice:—

'As thou wast constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy.'

6. Another small island, Oléron, just hiding from us the mouth of the *Charente*; and then we come in sight of the *Gironde*, the estuary of the *Garonne*, at the head of which we reach the end of our voyage—the great seaport of **Bordeaux**.

'But, M. Santal,' said Gustave, 'what has become of the storms for which the Bay of Biscay is so famous? We have seen nothing of them.'

'No! my young friend; we have kept too close to the coast. But come with us to Lisbon, which is my next point, and I think I can promise you a fair specimen of a "Biscay gale."'

7. 'To Lisbon!' exclaimed both the boys; 'we

did not expect to part with you so soon. Must you really go?’

‘Yes! I’ve business at Lisbon. But I promised an English friend to meet him at Bordeaux, and arrange for joining him in a week or two. He has two or three young friends with him, whom he wants to take over the Pyrenees and the north of Spain. We shall meet at Madrid, and most likely go on by Gibraltar and Malta to Rome.’

8. ‘Delightful!’ cried Gustave. ‘*We* mean to go to Rome, and no doubt we shall find you there. You will tell us about Spain and Portugal; and we shall have much to tell you about Switzerland.’

As he spoke, our steamer ran alongside the quay at Bordeaux, and an English voice shouted in French, but with a strong English accent, ‘Santal, my friend, I’m very glad to see you again!’



[BORDEAUX.]

XVII. THE PYRENEES.

(L)

1. 'WELL! Johnny,' said M. Santal, 'so you've not made the acquaintance of a bear yet in the Pyrenees?'

'No!' said Mr. Campbell, 'no! but he has tried hard to find one. Only, by what he thinks bad luck, they don't come much in men's way in summer.'

'You know,' answered M. Santal with a smile, 'what is said of the little place of **Laruns**: "*We are far from rich here, our mountain population pay no taxes, and are rather unruly in the winter*"—the *unruly* inhabitants being the wolves and bears!'

2. '*Laruns*!' exclaimed Johnny; 'that is the funny little place, at the head of the valley, where all the people were dancing, and a girl with a great white cloak over her head wanted me to come and dance with her!'¹

'And a very pretty head-dress it was, Johnny. And a very pretty valley too; and they don't dance every day. And, as to the dancing, it was

¹ See, for the whole of this Section, Blackburn's *Pyrenees*.

certainly rather rough ; but I've seen no country-folk dance with such spirit, since I saw a highland reel at a harvest-home in Argyllshire ! But come along, ladies. ; My good friend, Santal, told me you were coming, and I've got all ready for you. After dinner we'll tell our tales of the Pyrenees in due order ; and, if Johnny interrupts, he shall be sent to bed !'

3. As we went along, Gustave and Charlie had a long talk, and became great friends.

'You see,' said Charlie, 'Mr. Campbell had taken a great fancy to me on board ship ; and he knew that I wanted to see some of the countries of Europe.' So, like a good fellow as he is, he offered to take me to Paris, and through Spain to Madrid and Gibraltar, and after that, he said, "wherever his fancy might take him." So then I asked him to take Johnny, and he agreed to that too. 'Only,' he said, "Johnny must promise me three things—to believe all my stories—not to talk when nobody wants to hear him—and not to go in forbidden places."

'And how does Johnny keep his promises ?' said Gustave, who was much amused.

'Pretty well, on the whole. But you'll hear all about it in the evening.'

4. In the evening Mr. Campbell began—

'I was tired of Bordeaux; and the task of keeping Johnny quiet was more than I could stand. Yet I had promised my old friend here, whom I met by accident in Paris, to wait till he came, to settle our plans for our Spanish travels. What could I do? Johnny came to the rescue, with one of his bright ideas.'

"Look here!" said he, "we have a week to spare. Why shouldn't we go and have a little tour of our own, and come back again in time to meet M. Santal?"

"Agreed!" said I. "We'll go and see as much as we can of the French side of the Pyrenees; and then, afterwards, we can go quickly by rail across them, and have so much more time for the Spanish side."

5. 'Now, Johnny, you may have a turn. Tell us what you thought of the *Landes*.'

'I'm very glad I don't live there,' says Johnny. 'All I remember is that boy, whom I saw stuck up like a scarecrow, on a pair of stilts under a tree, watching some wretched-looking sheep, who were trying to nibble a little grass off the bare ground.'

'Johnny,' says Charlie, 'do you remember how he started off once on his stilts, and what a pace he went? Neither you nor Dick Dawson could have caught him!'

‘Not likely!’ rejoins Johnny; ‘he had two pairs of legs, and a long pole besides to help him!’

6. ‘Then those poor pine-trees, that looked as if they were bleeding to death, with their bark torn off, and the resin running out.’

‘And the cork-trees, stretching out their poor



[THE LANDES.]

rippled limbs, like sailors with wooden arms and legs, begging ‘kind ladies and gentlemen to have pity on them!’

‘Well!’ said Mr. Campbell, ‘it is a dreary region, and I was very glad to leave it behind me, and to find myself passing through the fertile

plain of Béarn, and driving into **Pau**, the old capital of the kingdom of *Navarre*.'

7. 'Navarre!' cried Edmond, 'do you mean *Henry's Navarre*—the hero of Ivry?'

'Yes!' said Charlie, 'and very tired I was of hearing his name; every song and every story was about "our Henry."'

'Well! at least he had a grand situation for his capital, with the roaring *Gave* rushing beneath, and the grand outline of the Pyrenees in the distance.'

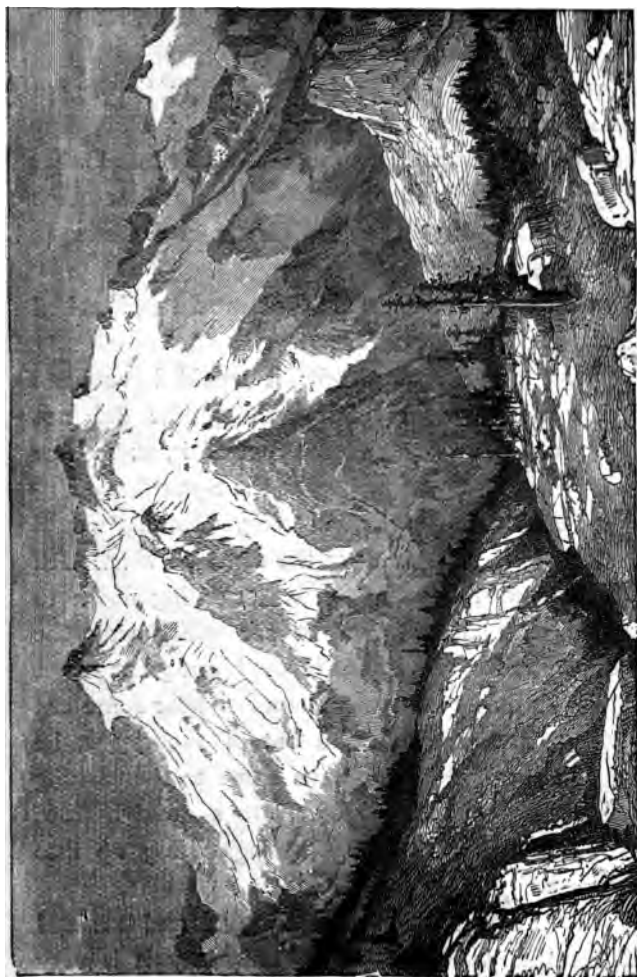
(ii.)

8. 'What is the highest point of the Pyrenees?' said Edmond.

'The highest in this part of the chain is the *Pic du Midi d'Ossau*. The term **Pic du Midi** is a common name here; but this *Pic* or peak is at the southern end of the *Val* or valley of *Ossau*, and is seen all the way as we go up the valley, till we get too close to the lower heights. The highest of all is **Maladetta**, some way to the eastward, on the Spanish side.'

9. 'The name, *Val d'Ossau*, in the dialect of these mountains, means the valley of the bear,' said M. Santal, 'does it not?'

'Yes,' cried Johnny, 'and I thought surely we should see a bear or two there! But the only one



[MALADETTA.]

I could find was a wretched dancing-bear, led by a fellow with a chain.'

'Very true!' said Mr. Campbell; 'even our guide had never seen a wild one! But they showed us at one place, *Baréges*—a picture of what they called "Winter visitors"—three or four black bears sitting where the invalids sit in summer, to drink the waters!'

10. 'Did you climb this high mountain?' asked Edmond.

'Not the *Pic du Midi*; it would have been rather too hard for Johnny, though he did not think so. But we got to the foot of it, and a few miles beyond, to get a peep at the Spanish side.'

'Yes!' said Charlie, laughing, 'nothing would content Johnny but seeing the *water-parting*. All the way up the valley, he was running down to every brook and stream, to see which way the water flowed. We passed through one great *gorge*, with high limestone rocks above us, near some hot springs; and, as we came out of the gorge, he thought surely we must have come to the turning point. But we had only got into a great hollow, with the steam of the hot springs rising up into the air before us.'

11. '*I call it a hole*,' says Johnny; 'and it rained all the time we were there. They say it is very

retty, and lovely, and grand, and all that. But I was very glad when we got to the open ground above it, and caught sight of the old "*Pic*" again. And I *did* climb another *Pic*, though Mr. Campbell wouldn't let me try that one.'

'Yes!' said Mr. Campbell; 'we really did get to the top of the *Pic de Ger*, a few miles off. It is a curious-looking mountain, with a sugar-loaf top. We had to wait a day or two for fine weather; but we gained something by the rain; for it filled all the streams, and gave us a grand view of some waterfalls in the valley. At last the fine day came, and we set off at five in the morning. We had, of course, to take a guide.'

12. 'We might have had twenty,' said Charlie, 'and how they danced, and capered, and cracked their whips round us, before you chose one! And how the others jabbered in their queer-sounding lingo!'

'Don't talk too much about *lingo*, Master Charlie!' said Mr. Campbell. 'Remember what we heard the Frenchman say in the woods about *our* lingo!'

13. 'What was that?' cried Gustave.

'Well! you know,' said Mr. Campbell, 'the *Séarnais* do speak a dialect which would sound queer even to *your* ears. And my young friends

were making fun of it, as we came down a path through some trees, and a little way before us was a French party. Charlie's ears were quicker than they thought for ; and he heard one of them say, " I've been listening, and I hear a harsh guttural sound, like that of a strangled fowl, and I know what it is—they are talking English."

14. 'So much for your best English, Charlie!' said M. Santal, laughing. 'I hope it taught you not to make fun of my countrymen's best French.'

'Ah!' said Charlie, 'you should hear Johnny's French! But he keeps it for the guides and the waiters.'

'Never mind, Johnny,' said Gustave; 'I dare say it is quite as good as my English. But let us hear about your *Pic*.'

15. 'There's not much to tell,' says Johnny. 'I could tell it all in French, whatever Charlie may say. We first crossed some meadows, and then it seemed odd that we had to go *down*, not *up*. At last, we came to a gap, and then we had really to climb! How my legs ached before we reached the top! And it wasn't the real top, after all! We had to get over a lot of stones, and then another climb, and there we were, with our old *Pic du Midi* staring us in the face, as if he was laughing at me, and saying, "*That's all very well,*

but you've only climbed my little brother: come and climb me, if you can ! ""

16. 'Well told, Johnny,' said Mr. Campbell. 'I'd rather hear you in English than in French. We had a grand view,' he continued, turning to me, 'all the high points we had passed looking like specks far below us, and peaks and lakes scattered about on every side. I've been on higher points in the Pyrenees ; but I doubt if I've seen a finer view.'

17. 'But I should keep you up all night, if I told you of all we've seen. Peaks, passes, streams, and waterfalls without number—smaller than those you are going to in Switzerland, but they are very beautiful, and they seemed grand to my young friends, coming straight from England. We saw one lovely lake, the *Lac de Gaube*, a mountain basin, fringed with fir-trees, where the water is shut in by a wall of granite, and fed by a waterfall which winds down from a glacier above. In a little cabin at the upper end of it, we met a party of Englishmen, who had just rowed across the lake, after climbing to the top of a snowy peak on the other side. It was, they said, about 10,000 feet high, with splendid views.'

18. 'Why is it,' asked M. Santal, 'that whenever you meet with tourists fond of mountain-

climbing, they are sure to turn out to be Englishmen ?’

‘Not always. Sometimes they are Italian, sometimes American ; but very seldom Frenchmen. Your countrymen, my friend, will take nice little mountain drives and rides, and get back in good time for dinner, where they appear beautifully dressed, and make themselves *very* agreeable during the evening !’

19. ‘Ah ! my friend, our ways are not your ways, and that is all ! Is it not better to make ourselves agreeable when we can ?’

‘Mr. Campbell,’ said Charlie, ‘may I tell our friends what the French lady said of us all at *Cauterets* ?’

‘Tell them by all means,’ said Mr. Campbell. ‘I believe it was very true.’

‘We had come in, late in the evening, from a long walk up the mountains, very tired and rather cross. Even Johnny forgot his French, and tried to bully the waiters in English. A lady had asked us whether we had found any bears among the hills, and I’m afraid my “No !” was rather short and blunt. The lady turned to her friend, and said (speaking very low, and in French ; but I understood her) : “*If there were no bears there, it seems they had left bears’ manners behind them !*”’

‘After that,’ said Mr. Campbell, ‘we had better go to bed!’

(iii.)

20. ‘I should have liked,’ said Mr. Campbell, next morning, at breakfast, ‘to describe to you a storm which overtook us. I never saw so great a change in so short a time. First, a cloudless morning and a blazing sun—then, in half an hour, a moaning wind, distant thunder, thick gathering clouds—then down came the clouds like a thick veil, flashes of lightning unveiled for a moment the mountain-tops, the wind swept past, bending the tall pine-trees, dashing the waterfalls into spray, scattering the sheaves of corn.

‘The little stream is now a roaring torrent, the valley is a lake, with tree-tops rising up like islands. And then, in another half-hour, the rain ceases, the mist clears, the clouds drift away; and but for the swollen streams, and the shattered trees, and the floating timber, we could almost have thought the whole of the storm had been a dream.

21. ‘But our time is short, and I must leave a great deal untold. Johnny’s great feat was to climb the steep height, called the *Brèche de Roland*, where Roland, the hero of French fable, is said to have cut a way with his sword through the solid rock, when he was chasing the Moors out of France

into Spain. How Johnny managed it, I don't know: it was hard work for an old mountaineer like me, or a half-made sailor like Charlie. But the guide gave him good help, and he scrambled up like a cat, and shouted at the top as if all Europe had been there to hear him, when he saw at his feet France on one side, and Spain on the other, with the streams running down the valleys both ways.

'To finish with, he nearly tumbled down a cascade, because he was too proud to take the help of an old fellow, who came to guide us.'

22. 'What a dirty old rascal he was!' said Johnny.

'Dirty or not, you were very glad at last to have his help, Johnny. With what an air you stepped on the rocks, as if to say, "*Who dares offer to help me?*" And how you went down on the slippery stones, as if you were shot, and slid—down, down, down, to the very brink of the fall! And there you would have stayed, if the dirty old rascal had not helped you back again!

23. 'And so, my friends, farewell for the present. We have settled our plans. I start in an hour for Bayonne and St. Sebastian, and so on to Barcelona and Madrid. Santal sails to-night for Lisbon. We hope to meet at Madrid, and in due time to rejoin this pleasant party at Rome.'

XVIII. BORDEAUX TO LYON.

(I.)

1. WE were sorry to part with our kind friends, but took leave of them with the hope of meeting in Rome. Two days after their departure, we also left Bordeaux on our way to Marseilles. Our plan was to see a little of the southern or Mediterranean shores of France, and then proceed up the valley of the Rhône to Lyon, and so to Geneva.

2. We were so fortunate as to make acquaintance with a Médoc wine merchant, who was going to Marseilles on business. He travelled with us, and told us a good deal about the district we were passing through, especially about the cultivation of the vines.

‘There,’ said he, ‘on the left bank of the Gironde, is the *Médoc* district, rich and fertile; and to the north, on the right bank, is *Cognac*.’

‘Ah!’ exclaimed Edmond, ‘I now see why good brandy is called *Cognac*.’

‘And the wine of this district *Médoc*,’ said Gustave.

3. ‘Is it not sad,’ continued our friend, turning to me, ‘to see the havoc made by the dreadful fly, the *phylloxera*, which has lately attacked our vines?’

We tremble when we see its ravages, and how rapidly it advances. We vine-growers have done all we could to stop it, rooting up old vines, and planting new ones ; but, do what we will, we cannot escape loss.'

4. 'But let us turn to a more cheerful subject ! Over there, to the south-westward, are the **Landes**, of which you heard a day or two ago from the young Englishmen.' They were indeed dreary, desolate spots, and the *dunes* or sand-hills were gaining on the good land very fast. But vast numbers of pine trees have been planted, and the whole region is much improved.

5. While this conversation was going on, I had been studying the guide-book, and was struck by the many names ending in '*ac*' or '*oc*,' such as *Médoc*, *Cognac*, *Armagnac*, *Bergerac*, and several other little places. And there, before us, was *Languedoc*. We have no names with these endings in the north of France.

'No !' said our friend ; 'they are the traces of the old language of these southern parts, in the days when my native *Gascony* and *Languedoc* were quite distinct from the districts round Paris, or to the north of it. Even now,' he continued, smiling, 'you could easily tell by my accent that I am no Parisian !'

6. 'It is curious,' he continued, 'to observe that, so long ago as the days of Julius Cæsar, the Garonne was regarded as the boundary between one tribe of Gauls and another. In the same way, the Seine and Marne divided the central from the north-eastern tribes.'

(ii.)

7. 'The name, *Languedoc*, reminds me,' said Edmond, 'of Johnny's question about our *Provinces* and *Departments*. He had been poring over a map of France, when all of a sudden he pushed it from him with an air of disgust, saying, "Of all absurd things I ever saw, this map of France is the most absurd!"

'Why, what's the matter, Johnny?' I said, trying hard not to laugh.

'Why, look here. They've cut it up into all these little bits like our counties and shires, only rather smaller; and I've been trying hard to understand them. And then, when I thought I had got their names into my head, I found out a lot of longer names, printed in larger letters across a good many of the little bits—*Languedoc*, and *Normandy*, and *Brittany*, and all the rest of them. Now, what *can* be the use of the two sets of names?'

8. 'I don't know of any *use*, Johnny, except to

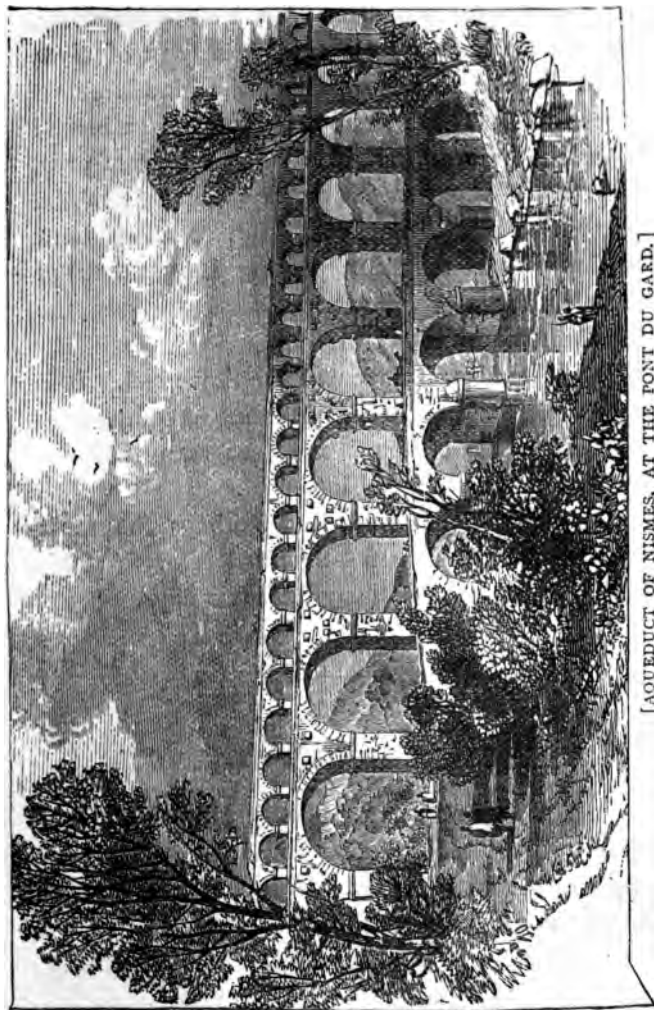
puzzle English boys, who are apt to think too much of themselves. But I can tell you how the two sets come to be there. The longer words are the names of *Provinces*—the old divisions of France. Some of these divisions, like Normandy, were for a long time nearly independent of the kings of France ; and, when all were joined together at last, they still kept their old names. But, about the time of the first Revolution, people began to think that the old names might very well die out, now that their old meaning was gone. And they divided the country into smaller parts, called *Departments*, named chiefly after the rivers and mountains.

9. 'And you see, Johnny, how convenient it is that the name of each Department, such as *Seine-et-Marne*, *Maine-et-Loire*, &c., tells you at once whereabouts it is—what river or rivers run through it, and so on.'

'All very well !' says Johnny ; 'but I like the old *Provinces* best. The names sound nicer, and they are the names we find in the old histories.'

'Then thank the map-makers,' said M. Santal, laughing, 'that they have kept the old names for you, when you come, now and then, to see us ; and let us have the new ones for every-day use.'

10. Soon we reached *Toulouse*, and thought of Wellington's last battle in the great English war



[AQUEDUCT OF NISMES, AT THE PONT DU GARD.]

in Spain against Napoleon. Then on to *Narbonne*, and so to the busy little trading seaport of *Cette*, where we catch our first view of the blue Mediterranean Sea. It is a sight to be long remembered! So bright, so calm, but, alas! at this time of year, so hot! We longed for the fresh breezes of the North Sea or the Bay of Biscay. But we went on, in spite of the heat, passing **Montpellier**, but stopping for a few hours at **Nîmes**, to see the Roman remains.

10. I send you a view of the Aqueduct. It is a good example of Roman building, standing firm after hundreds of years, when so many modern erections have crumbled into dust.

Marseilles—the third, and perhaps the most ancient of French cities—deserved a longer stay; but the heat drove us away after two days.

XIX. MARSEILLES TO LYON.

1. I WAS not sorry to leave Marseilles; and even the blue Mediterranean could not tempt me to linger in the heat of July. This was our conversation the night before we left:—

‘Will you not,’ said our Médoc friend, ‘at least

venture on a little trip along the coast, as far as Genoa? We could go in the cool of the mornings and evenings, and rest lazily in the shade of the olive trees during the heat of the day, peeping through the leaves at the bright blue sky, and lulled to sleep by the gentle rippling of the water.'

'My friend, that is poetry! In plain prose, I should be very hot and very tired; and these boys would never be content to rest, but would be daring the fierce noontide rays, and getting sun-strokes!'

2. 'But, mother,' cried Gustave, 'there are ever so many places to be seen along this coast, and we shall not come back to them. There is *Toulon*, with its arsenal, and *Cannes*, and *Nice* and *Mentone*, all crowded at some seasons with English invalids, and Genoa at last, with its stories of the olden time, when, like Venice, it was one of the rulers of the sea—'

'Yes!' interposed Edmond, 'and we could then think of a greater Genoese than any of their old admirals—Columbus. And, all along, the *Mari-time Alps* would be looking down upon us and inviting us to come and explore their hidden beauties.'

3. 'Edmond and Gustave, you are eloquent! and our friend is poetical! But I *must* seek some

cooler air. So, farewell to the bright blue sea for the present: Toulon and Genoa must wait. To-morrow, we turn our faces northward, and follow the Rhône to Lyon.'

4. Hot as it was, I preferred travelling by day, to show my boys the striking basin of the Rhône. On our left were the *Cévennes*, of which we had spoken before, in tracing the course of the Loire; but it was a very different thing to see them looking down upon us.

'Yet they do not seem,' said Gustave, 'to send any large affluents to the Rhône. These are but small streams that enter it on the right bank.'

5. 'Their courses are too short to form them into large streams,' replied his brother, 'because the hills are so near us. On the other side of them, I fancy, and not very far off, are the feeders of our old friend, the Loire, and the Loire itself; and, before we reach Lyon, if my map is right, we shall be within fifty miles or so, over the hills, of St. Etienne. If our young English friend, Johnny, were here, he would say the train was stupid, and he must be off to see what he could find on the top of the Cévennes!'

6. 'But see! Edmond,' cried Gustave, 'here is a good-sized affluent on the left bank.'

'Ah! the *Durance*,' said Edmond, 'and this

pretty little town is **Avignon**, where the Popes found a quiet retreat, when they were driven from Rome. And, a little further on, comes the *Isère*. For there, on our right, are the real giants, *Graian* and *Cottian Alps*; and there is *Savoy*, the old home of the present royal house of Italy.'

'It is French now, is it not?' said Gustave.

'Yes! I am sorry that it is so. Napoleon III. claimed it, as the price of the help he gave Italy against Austria. It would have been nobler to help the weaker party without reward. Yet, no doubt, Nature seems to give it to France. For it is on our side of the mountains.'

7. We went on quietly for some time; till, as we came near to Lyon, Gustave suddenly exclaimed,—

'Look! Edmond, there are two rivers running side by side; and one of them is clear and bright, and the other dark and muddy.'

'They are the Rhône and its great feeder, the *Saône*, which joins it from the Vosges mountains at Lyon, bringing with it from the Jura the waters of the *Doubs*.'

8. 'Observe, my sons,' said I, 'how the courses of these great rivers mark the effect of the hills and mountains in determining the flow of the water of a country. Here is the *Saône*, bringing water from the far north, close to the sources of the

Meuse, and Marne, and Seine, and pouring it at last into the southern Mediterranean. Yet, on the other side of the Cévennes, the Allier and the Loire carry southern waters through the heart of France into the western Bay of Biscay.'

'But here we are at Lyon. And there are my old friend, M. Gobart and his family, waiting to welcome us.'

XX. GENEVA.

1. A SHORT stay at **Lyon** contented us. We saw M. Gobart's silk mill, and were amused by the bustle and activity of this most restless of French cities. We went out a few miles into the country, to see one of his mulberry plantations, and hear him describe the treatment of the silkworms, those busy little creatures on whom so much depends. But I was longing for Alpine breezes and Alpine beauty ; and on the third day after our arrival we left Lyon for Geneva.

2. The first part of this little journey was very beautiful, winding through valleys, between grand bold rocks, diving into tunnels, till at last we came out on the eastern side of Mount Jura, and saw

the great Alpine range towering up into the sky in the distance.

3. We are thoroughly enjoying ourselves in **Geneva**. Not that it is a striking city in itself: it has few fine buildings or objects of interest. But the situation is lovely, with the lake on one side, 'the blue waters of the arrowy Rhône' bursting out of it on the other; and go where you will, Mont Blanc and his fellows seem to be looking down upon you, as the guardians of the scene.

4. Out of many excursions, which we have made, I can only describe for you two short ones, and one which lasted for some days. We were standing at the point where the Rhône issues from the lake, and something was said about the deep blue colour of its waters.

'Ah,' said a gentleman whose acquaintance we had made, 'that does not last long! Go down a mile and a half, till it meets the *Arve*, and you will soon see the difference.'

5. My sons caught at the idea, and started off at once. They were well rewarded for their walk. They found 'the Arve, a furious torrent, fed by the snows and glaciers of Mont Blanc,' driving the blue waters of the Rhône on one side, while the Rhône for a time seems to refuse to mix with

it, but runs on side by side. Yet in the end, the Arve wins the battle. The clear blue waters disappear, and the Rhône flows on the rest of its course as muddy as its rival.

6. Our next was a longer expedition, to what is called the *Perte du Rhône*, or the Loss of the Rhone. This is a spot on the French frontier, about sixteen miles from Geneva, 'where the river plunges beneath broken rocks, which have fallen from above, and covered its bed from side to side.' It is a grand sight, and the whole of the day's excursion was most enjoyable.

XXI. GENEVA TO CHAMOUNI.

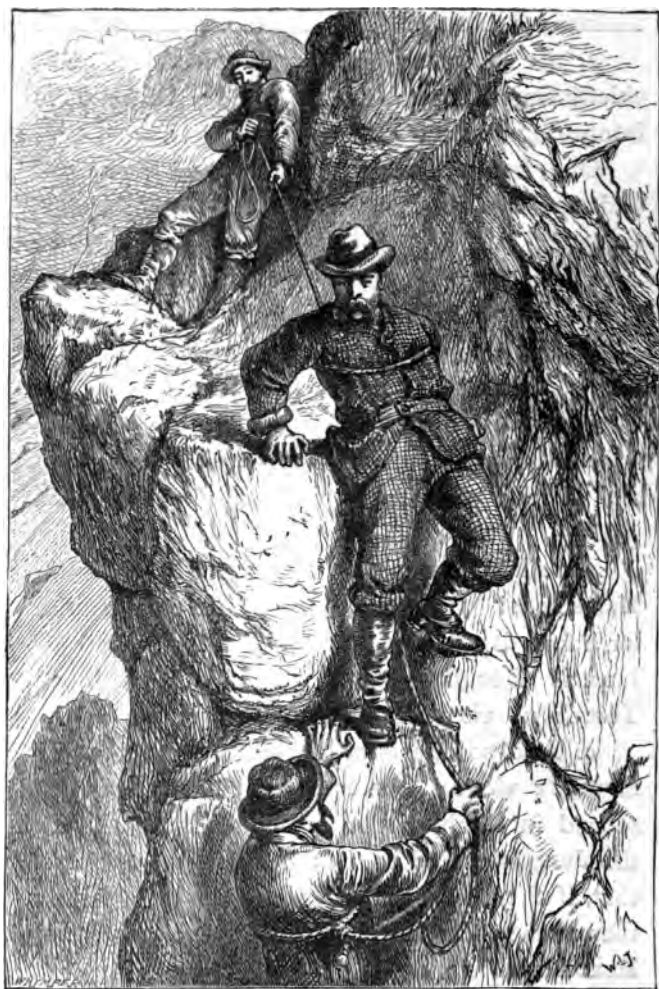
1. NOW for our longer excursion, up the lake, across the mountain-pass, to *Chamouni*, and then back to Geneva. No words can tell the beauty of this scene. The steamer stopped at several places; but the only ones worthy of notice are *Ouchy*, the port of *Lausanne*, and *Chillon*. *Lausanne* is the chief town of these parts, and the residence of the English historian, Gibbon; *Chillon* is the scene of Byron's poem, 'The Prisoner of Chillon.'

2. At Martigny we found several tourists, chiefly English and American, and heard from them interesting accounts of their adventures.

One had come over the **Grimsel** pass, and had spent a day on the **Rhône Glacier**. 'Ah! madame,' said he, 'that is a sight worth seeing! The great river of ice, fit cradle for so mighty a stream, fills the head of the valley from side to side, and above it is the tall peak of the **Galenstock**. We went up a track on the side of the glacier, till all of a sudden we came upon a glorious waterfall, dashing into an icy cavern 150 feet below, and coming out at the foot of it as the infant Rhône!'

3. 'Ah!' said another, 'but have you seen the **Matterhorn**? I spent a week at *Zermatt*, waiting for a fine day to scale the peak where poor Lord Francis Douglas and his friends were killed. There's no view like that in Switzerland.'

4. And so one after the other described their favourite views. One spoke of **Monte Rosa**, the second in height of the Alpine peaks; another of the **Jung-frau**, and so on; but still all confessed that, if they could only explore one great height, there was nothing to compare with the great giant, **Mont Blanc**.



[DESCENT FROM THE MATTERHORN.]

5. We then had an interesting account from an Italian gentleman of the great *tunnel* under the Alps. Is it not wonderful? When you look at these enormous masses of rock, it seems a thing impossible that any skill and perseverance should pierce through them, so that we should pass *under* and not *over* them! It was thought a very great deed, when the first Napoleon carried his army over the *Great St. Bernard*; and his road over the *Simplon* was one of his most wonderful works. Two thousand years before, another great general had crossed the Alps; and, when he brought down the remains of his army on the other side, the Romans were quite taken by surprise—they did not think it possible for any soldiers to make their way in winter over those icy passes. Now, you may sit and sleep in a railway carriage, and wake up in a few hours to find yourself in Italy.

6. From Martigny we went on to **Chamouni**; and, after a few days' stay there, with delightful excursions for every day, we turned away from the giant peaks, and followed the course of the Arve to our old quarters at *Geneva*.

7. At Chamouni, and almost all the way to Geneva, we were once more on French ground—that is, we were in Savoy. The mountain ridge which we had crossed on the road from Martigny,

is the boundary between Savoy and Switzerland ; as the main chain of the Alps, including Mont Blanc, the Great St. Bernard, Monte Rosa, and the Simplon, forms that between Switzerland and Italy. Mont Blanc is in Savoy, and is, therefore, now a *French* mountain ; the others are just within the Swiss border.

XXII. NORTH SWITZERLAND.

(i.)

1. AT Geneva, to our great delight, we found our friend, M. Nicolas, whom we had left at Antwerp, preparing to complete his survey of the Dutch towns, and then to travel to Switzerland, by the Rhine.

2. 'No!' he said, in answer to our inquiries, 'I did not stay long in Holland. The charm, somehow, was broken, and I left Utrecht and many other places unvisited. I was impatient to see the noble river, and to reach Switzerland, before the summer was over.'

Late as it was, the evening we arrived, my sons begged that he would tell them at once the story of his journey.

3. 'Let me give you to-night,' he replied, 'the

last part of it—my route from **Basle**, where I entered Switzerland ; leaving the *middle* or German Rhine for some other evening.

4. 'I made a short excursion to **Schaffhausen**, to see the famous falls of the Rhine. I could not resist this temptation, though it has made me two or three days later than I expected in reaching this city. But the falls were a rich reward !'

'Are they really as grand as they are said to be?'

'Well, madame, I have not seen Niagara. Perhaps your Scottish friend, whom you met at Bordeaux, knowing the American fall, might not think much of these. But to me they were very grand !

5. 'I saw them about eight o'clock on a glorious summer morning ; the sun was shining on the spray, which sparkled with rainbow colours. We went out on a rude balcony, which overhangs the roaring torrent so closely as to tremble under the force of the waters. It was curious to feel yourself, as it were, in the middle of the cataract ; for, while the stream rushed below you, the spray was tossed over your head.'

6. 'Did you go farther up the Rhine to see the Lake of Constance?' asked Edmond.

'To see it, but no more than see it ! It did

not tempt me to remain longer ; for, though it is so large, it is not nearly so beautiful as the smaller Swiss lakes. Yet I should have liked, if I could have afforded the time, to trace the course of the Tyrolese girl in the old legend, when she rode from **Constance** to **Bregenz** to save her native town from destruction. But I contented myself with a peep at the lake, and then passed through Schaffhausen again, and followed the course of the *Aar* to **Morat** and the Lake of *Neufchâtel*.

7. 'I spent an hour or two in visiting *Morat*, the "spot which," as Byron says, "should not be passed in vain," where the Swiss peasantry, 400 years ago, defeated the army of Charles, Duke of Burgundy. A few hours more brought me to **Lausanne**, and then to Geneva.'

(ii.)

8. 'And now,' said I, 'what are your plans, M. Nicolas ? And where is your nephew whom you were to meet here ?'

'Those two or three days which I gave to Schaffhausen have lost me that pleasure,' he replied with a smile. 'I told him if he did not find me here to leave a letter, saying where he had gone, and fixing another point for our meeting. He fixes the **Splügen**, close to the source of one of the

branches of the Rhine, called the *Hinter Rhein*. I propose, therefore, to take a little excursion among the Swiss lakes, and finish on the day he names at the Splügen. See! here is my route on the map.

9. 'From Geneva I shall go by train to **Berne**, then follow the Aar to **Thun**; explore the twin lakes of Thun and Brienz, with the gay little watering-place of **Interlaken**, nestling between them; then on to the grander scenes round **Lucerne** and complete the series of lakes at **Zurich**. I shall have a day or two left to follow the other branch of the great river—the *Vorder Rhein*—to its birthplace in Mount St. Gothard, and still keep my appointment at the Splügen.'

10. 'Oh, mother!' cried Gustave, 'why should we not go with M. Nicolas on this little round of lakes? It would be a pleasant finish to our Swiss tour; and from the Splügen we could easily cross the Alps into Italy.'

And so it was settled. We set out next day, and spent a very happy week with our friend as our guide.

I need not tell you much about each place. Berne is interesting, both from its noble situation, and because it is now the seat of the Swiss Government.

11. 'The capital?' 'Hardly. Not as Paris is

the capital of France, or London the capital of Great Britain. Switzerland, like Germany, consists of several independent states, or *cantons*. Each of these has its own government and laws; but for defence against their enemies, and for other purposes, they are joined together in what is called a *Confederation*, or union of states. Berne is the largest of the cantons; and so the city of Berne became, though only thirty years ago, the place of meeting for the *Diet* or parliament of the whole country.'

12. While I was writing these lines, my sons had gone out with M. Nicolas, to see all the sights of Berne.

'Oh, mother!' said Gustave, as he came in, 'I wish Johnny were here. He would find bears enough to content him—live bears, stone bears, stuffed bears, and the very name of the town means *Bear*! They say that an old duke built it 700 years ago, on the spot where he had killed a bear.'

13. 'And what else have you seen besides bears?' I asked.

'The finest sight we have seen, madame,' answered M. Nicolas, 'is the view of the Bernese Alps. We counted twelve peaks from a terrace outside the town, and at least ten of them were

snow-capped, and must, therefore, be very lofty. We shall see more of them when we are in the heart of the *Oberland*, as this part of Switzerland is called.'

14. But I must hurry you through the *Oberland*. We had a delightful sail over the Lake of Thun, in the cool of the morning, and breakfasted at *Interlaken*, so called (like the neighbouring village of *Unterseen*) because they lie 'between the lakes' of Thun and Brienz. Truly a 'gay little watering-place'! But we had no time for its pleasant society, which made us smile as we remembered Mr. Campbell's description of French manners.

15. We hastened on to the deep, dark valley of *Lauterbrunnen*, where the sun in winter is not seen till noon, to get a view of the *Staubbach* waterfall, one of the loftiest in Europe.

XXIII. AVALANCHES.

1. 'AND now,' said I to my sons, 'which way shall we go? Shall we go back to Interlaken as we came? Or shall we cross the *Wengern Alp* pass to *Grindelwald*? We may see an *avalanche* on our way.'

'Oh! to Grindelwald!' said both of them in a moment. 'We should like to tell Johnny, when we see him at Rome, that *we* have climbed some Alpine passes.'

2. 'Yes!' added M. Nicolas. 'And at Grindelwald you can easily visit a *glacier*; and if you like to climb the *Faullhorn*—which is not difficult—you can tell him that you have mounted higher than his famous *Pic du Ger*.'

'But,' said I, laughing, 'how am *I* to get up the steep zig-zag path, which the guide-book tells me I must climb before I can reach the pass?'

'Courage! madame,' answered M. Nicolas. 'Among the Alps, nothing is impossible! A mountain pony will take you safely. Or, if you like it better, two stout porters will carry you in a chair, whenever there is room for their feet.'

3. I preferred the pony; though I confess that my heart sank within me, when I reached the foot of the zig-zag, and looked up. It was like a perpendicular wall, and I felt like a snail climbing up the wall, as my pony crept slowly along, first twenty yards to the left, then a sharp turn, and twenty yards to the right, and then to the left again. If he had slipped, we must have rolled over to the bottom. However, he was sure-footed and patient, and in due time we reached the top.



[JUNG-FRAU.]

4. 'The top!' I hear you exclaim. 'Had you really got to the top of a mountain?'

'No! my young friend. Alpine mountain-tops are beyond the reach of ponies! We had reached a table-land or gentle slope, high above the valley, but far below the snow-clad peaks.'

5. 'Oh! mother,' cried Gustave; 'what a noble mountain that is on our right! And see! it is covered with snow, down to the very foot; while we are walking on grass, quite close to it.'

'Not so close as you think,' said M. Nicolas. 'That is the *Jung-frau*, one of the giants; and its base, which seems to be so near to us, is miles away, on the other side of a dark ravine. In this clear air you cannot tell the distance of these lofty heights.'

6. 'See, mother!' again cried Gustave; 'there is quite a crowd of people sitting under the verandah of that little inn. They look as if they were expecting to see some great sight.'

'We cannot do better than join them,' said M. Nicolas, 'and rest here awhile. They are watching for the *avalanches*, which in hot weather fall very often from the *Jung-frau*. It is now a little after twelve o'clock, the likeliest time to see them.'

7. We were very glad to rest. Soon we heard a roar like thunder.'

‘An avalanche!’ exclaimed those about us. ‘Where? where?’ cried both my sons at once. But this time they could not see it.

‘Keep your eyes on the mountain, and watch,’ said M. Nicolas; ‘there will be another in a few minutes.’

Another roar. ‘Ah! there it is,’ cried Edmond. ‘But it is not nearly so grand as I thought it would be. All I could see was a little thread of white powder, coming out of one of the upper openings in the mountain. I lost sight of it for a few moments; then came another roar, another rush from a lower point, and down it went into the ravine. Was that an avalanche?’

8. ‘Yes; and, if you had been below it, you would have found that what you thought a little thread of white powder was really made up of great blocks of ice, which would sweep before them trees, houses, or travellers that came in their way. An avalanche may not be so grand to look at as you had fancied. But there is no mistake about its powers of destruction. Here, where we are sitting, or hereabouts, sat Byron, when he composed the lines :¹

“Ye toppling crags of ice,
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountainous overwhelming

¹ *Manfred*.

I hear ye momentarily, above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
And only fall on things that still would live,
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager."

XXIV. THE OBERLAND.

1. WE did not linger long at *Grindelwald*. But I could not lose the opportunity of seeing a *glacier*.

'A *glacier*!' I said, when M. Nicolas suggested the idea. 'I could never attempt such a feat.'

'Not in most parts of Switzerland,' he replied. 'But here, the lower glacier comes down to the very bottom of the valley—indeed fifty feet below the level of the village. You can go easily on horseback to within a short distance of it, and to the very foot of it by a mountain chair.'

2. I went, and was well rewarded! Above, were three giant mountains, the *Eiger*, or Giant, the *Schreckhorn*, and the *Wetterhorn*, or Peak of Tempests. On each side were forests of fir, coming down to the very edge of the green meadow-land. I took a long wistful look at the great *ice-river*, as it stretched up into the mountains, widening in the upper part into a *sea* of ice, and wished I had the

wings of an eagle, or the limbs of a chamois-hunter, that I might explore it from end to end.

3. 'Is there no path over the glacier?' asked Edmond eagerly of the guide.

'Yes!' he replied; 'but you could only go a little way. Farther on, it is difficult and dangerous, except for those well used to mountain climbing.'

'I will try it, some day,' said Edmond to himself. But, for the present, we retraced our steps to Grindelwald.

4. I must hurry over the rest of our journey, leaving much to be told when we meet. But I must give a few lines to *Lucerne*, its lake, and our ascent of the **Rigi**. Yes! my friends, *our* ascent! For there are bridle-paths to the very top. The charm of the Rigi is the unbroken view on all sides of some of the most beautiful scenery of Switzerland. Yet, when we said, in the hotel at Lucerne, that we were going to the top to see the sun rise, some of our fellow travellers smiled; and one of them—an Englishman—opened the guide-book, and showed us these lines, which I copied for your amusement:—

‘Nine weary uphill miles we sped,
The setting sun to see;
Sulky and grim he went to bed,
Sulky and grim went *we*!’

‘Seven sleepless hours we tossed; and then,
The rising sun to see,
Sulky and grim we rose again,
Sulky and grim rose *he!*’

‘For you know,’ he continued, ‘there are often thick mists on the Rigi; so that of the many who climb it, more than half do not see the sun rise.’

5. ‘Well! well!’ said M. Nicolas, ‘we must hope for the best. I have been to the top three times, and I have seen the sun once. We will go in good time, and so have two chances of a view.’

We went, but we missed the sunset. Though we started in bright sunshine, we were in cloud and storm before we reached the top.

‘Courage!’ still cried our cheery friend; ‘we have lost our first chance: we may win the second!’

6. And so it was. Long before dawn, we were in the crowd on the highest point. First came a light in the east, the stars grew dim; then ‘a streak of gold, reflected in a pale pink tint upon the snows of the Bernese Alps. Summit after summit slowly catches the same golden line; forests, lakes, hills, rivers, towns, and villages, gradually become revealed . . . the shadows are rolled back, and in a few moments the whole

scene around is glowing in sunshine.' We could have stood for hours gazing on the fairy scene. Below us lay the glorious lake, with the *Reuss* rushing out of it, to bear water to the Rhine, and the gloomy *Mount Pilatus* behind it—I must tell you, some other day, the legend belonging to this name—and all round are peaks rising above peaks, forming a magnificent *panorama*. If I were to give you the names of all the heights we saw, it would read like a list of the mountains of north-eastern Switzerland. But the mist closed round us once more, and shut them out from our view.

XXV. THE SWISS PEOPLE.

1. AS we returned to Lucerne, we observed that M. Nicolas was taking us a little out of our way. Gustave asked him the reason why.

'Wait a few minutes, and you will see!' was his answer.

'Now turn in at this garden gate.'

2. 'Ah!' cried Edmond, 'I see what you have brought us here for. Look, mother! look, Gustave, at that grand figure of a lion. It is wounded—there is a spear in its side—yet it holds a shield

fast in its paws, and the device on the shield is the *fleur-de-lis*, the old badge of our Bourbon kings.'

3. 'Yes,' said M. Nicolas ; 'it is indeed a noble work of art. It reminds us of a sad scene in our history, when the Swiss guard of poor Louis XVI. fell, almost to a man, in defending the Tuileries against the infuriated mob. All else had forsaken him ; these foreigners alone stood faithful among the faithless. Well might Switzerland do honour to their memory.'

4. 'Yes,' said Edmond, 'they did their duty nobly. Yet I do not see that Swiss soldiers had any right to be serving a foreign king.'

'You are right, my young friend. There was a dark side to the picture, as well as a bright one. The old Swiss would take the pay of strangers, without caring whether their cause was just or unjust ; they would fight or die for them while in their service, and then, perhaps, when released from their engagement, would enlist on the opposite side, and fight as bravely for their new masters as for the old.'

'But all this has passed away,' said Edmond.

5. 'True ! but a good deal of the old character remains. The Switzer of our own day loves money as well as his fathers did. Like them, however, he is hardy and daring ; his rugged mountains

compel him to be active and industrious, and, like all mountaineers, he dearly loves his native land.'

6. 'Full of opposite qualities,' I said, laughing, 'like his own hills and valleys. I came here, hoping to be cool; and it was certainly cold enough last night on the Rigi! But in these valleys the heat is as great as in Paris.'

'Stay here till winter, madame, and you will be as cold as you can desire. You will see all the cattle, who are now feeding on the hill-sides, called down to the lowlands for shelter—the hotels will be shut, because the mountains will be ice-bound, and climbing will be impossible. A Swiss summer is charming; but a Swiss winter is freezing.'

7. 'Thanks, thanks! my friend. Your description makes me shiver; but it consoles me for our approaching departure from this lovely country.'

'Oh, mother, not yet!' cried Edmond and Gustave together, beseechingly.

'My sons, I am tired. I must rest before I cross the Alps. For I mean to cross them in the good old-fashioned way, not to go under them. But you, Edmond, want to see the Splügen. Go then with M. Nicolas, and find your way into Italy by *Chiavenna* and *Como*. Gustave and I will take some "nice little walks," as Mr. Campbell calls

them; and then in a few days cross *Mount St. Gothard*, pass *Lake Maggiore*, and join you at *Milan*.'

And so it was settled.

XXVI. THE RHINE.

1. THE evening before we parted, M. Nicolas resumed his story.

'Is the Rhine really so very lovely?' said I.

'Not at first. Even after you enter Rhenish Prussia, the scenes, though interesting, are not beautiful. You are in the heart of a coal-field: you pass thriving manufacturing towns, such as *Düsseldorf*, and many others are within a short distance; and you see nothing to explain why people talk so much of the beauty of the Rhine.

2. 'At last, I reached **Cologne**, where the beauty begins.'

'Cologne!' exclaimed Edmond. 'Did you see the cathedral, that was begun in 1248, and is only just finished?'

'Yes! I saw the cathedral, as well as the sellers of *Eau-de-Cologne* in the streets would let me; but they seemed to think that travellers came to their city for no other purpose than to buy

their famous scent! The cathedral, however, is well worth seeing. So, also, in its way, is the bridge of boats that leads to the suburb of *Deutz*.

3. 'I was rather surprised to find this city, which I had always known by the French form of its name, so much more German than French. Some English visitors, whom I met in the street, had had great difficulty in getting any questions answered, because the people either could not, or would not, speak any language but German.

4. 'From this point the journey was crowded with beauty, which was the more refreshing to my eye, after my stay among the plains of Holland and North Germany. We passed Byron's

"Castled crag of *Drachenfels*,"

and saw how truly it

"Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine."

5. 'Instead of attempting a description of my own, let me give you a few lines of the same poet:—

"On the banks of the majestic Rhine,
There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties, streams and dells.
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles, breathing stern farewells
From grey but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells."



[CASTLE NEAR THE RHINE.]

No wonder that the Germans are never tired of singing the praises of their noble river, their king or Father Rhine!

‘I was still gazing intently on the scene, when the steamer reached Coblenz.

XXVII. THE RHINE (*continued*).

1. ‘I GREATLY enjoyed my short stay at Coblenz. On one side was the Rhine, on the other the *Moselle*; for this is their meeting-place. Indeed the name of the town is a corrupted form of *Confluence*.

2. ‘On the opposite side of the Rhine was **Ehrenbreitstein**, one of the greatest fortresses in the world; or, I should rather say, a great entrenched camp, with twenty or thirty fortresses at different points, capable of containing 100,000 men. So jealously does Germany guard her barrier river!’

3. ‘Did you explore the *Moselle*,’ asked Edmond, ‘to see Trèves and our poor **Metz**?’

‘No! I very much wished to revisit Metz, which I knew well while it was a French fortress, and still more to examine the Roman remains at

Trèves, which I had never seen. It was a great central station for Roman troops ; and I am told that there are more remains there than at any one spot in central or northern Europe. But time pressed, and I could not delay. So the vine-clad banks of the Moselle were left unvisited ; as also was **Ems**, a favourite watering-place on the *Lahn*, a tributary of the Rhine, on the right bank ; and, on the second day after my arrival, I once more embarked on a steamer to pursue my upward course.

4. 'Between Coblentz and **Mainz**, or *Mayence*—or at least as far as **Bingen**—we passed through the finest part of the Rhine. The high mountains close in upon the bed of the river, which here runs through a narrow gorge ; and in the shadows of the hills we could see the remains of ruined castles and walled and turreted towers—all famous in their day, now left to crumble into dust. An American gentleman reminded me of Longfellow's lines :—

*"Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine."*

5. 'At Mayence I saw only one thing that I cared for ; can you guess what it was ?'

'The fortifications ?' suggested Gustave.

'They are striking in their way ; but I hate

war and all that tells of war! The one thing which I did care to look at, was the statue of Guttenberg, the inventor of printing, who did more good service to the world than all the conquerors that ever lived!

6. 'From Mayence, I followed the *Main* eastward, for one day's stay in **Frankfort**, the old meeting-place of the Germanic *Diet*, or Assembly. It is a curious place to see, both from the venerable look of its old houses, and because it is so great a centre of business, and especially of all dealings in money-matters on a large scale. It was the old home of the well-known family of *Rothschild*, the greatest masters of money in the world.

7. 'I could not pass **Worms** without stopping to see the cathedral; and think of a still greater man than Guttenberg—Martin Luther, the chief of the Reformers. You remember how he was summoned to appear before the Diet at Worms, to answer for his bold attacks on the abuses of the Romish Church; and how, when warned of his danger, he replied: "*If there were as many devils in Worms, as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses, I must and will go!*" Luther made many mistakes, and said many things that would have been better left unsaid; but he gave the world the grandest example, since the days of St. Paul, of a man perfectly

fearless of what men might say of him, or do to him, if only he felt sure that he was going on in the path of duty.

XXVIII. GERMANY AS A WHOLE.

1. 'I COULD not linger ; but I had set my heart on a visit to **Heidelberg**, not only on account of its famous University, but for the splendid view which is to be had from the Castle-hill. So, passing quickly through Mannheim, I followed the course of the *Neckar* from its junction with the Rhine to the ancient city of Heidelberg. What a climb it was, first to the top of the Castle-hill, and then to the top of the lofty tower which crowns it !

2. 'I longed to see more of the forest-country ; but, again, time forbad, and I hurried on, pausing only for a few hours to lament over the fall of **Strasburg**, and the horrible traces of war. A few hours more brought me to **Basle**, or Basel ; I had bidden farewell to Germany, and had at last entered Switzerland.

3. 'After all, I had seen but little of Germany, in tracing the course of the Rhine. I had passed through Rhenish Prussia, I had crossed Hesse-Darmstadt, and had gone from end to end of the Grand Duchy of Baden. But the great expanse

of the German plain, and the basin of the Danube, stretch far away to the eastward.'

4. 'It is curious,' said Edmond, 'to compare an old map of Germany, like this in my atlas, with the new one in the guide-book. How many changes there have been in the divisions or states!'

'Yes,' said M. Nicolas, 'and the real changes have been much greater than those marked on the map. You know, no doubt, that these parts, which are differently coloured on the map, are not mere portions of one country, like our departments, or English *shires*. They are separate states, each with its own sovereign and its own government, but all lately joined together under the German Empire.

5. 'In your old map, I dare say, you find *Hanover* marked as a separate state. Now *Prussia* has swallowed it up! Just so, what is marked *Alsace*, or a French Province, is now *Elsass*, a part of Prussia. And, if you were to trace the changes for a very long period, your chief thought would be, "*How Prussia has been growing!*" Once, *Austria* was much the stronger of the two; then, under Frederick the Great, Prussia became a match for her; and, quite lately, she has driven her rival out of the German Confederation altogether!'

6. 'The most curious thing of all, I think, said Edmond, 'is that these little bits of ground should have remained independent so long, with a big, greedy neighbour so close to them! Surely, there is not a king to each of these tiny states?'

'No! There are only three kings among these sovereigns, besides the King of Prussia, who is now called Emperor of Germany. These are the Kings of Bavaria, Saxony, and Würtemberg. All the others are *Dukes* or *Grand Dukes*. Perhaps, in the end, the smaller States will all be swallowed up, and Germany will be really one country.'

XXIX. THE RIVERS OF CENTRAL AND EASTERN GERMANY.

(i.)

1. OUR few days, after M. Nicolas and Edmond left us, were pleasantly spent at Lucerne. Among those whom we met in the hotel, we found a young German, who was well acquainted with his own country, and who gave us, one rainy day, an interesting account of the rivers and towns of Eastern and Central Germany.

'You know the Rhine,' he said, 'so let me take you in fancy a journey I have often taken, down

the **Elbe**, then up the **Oder**, and again down the **Vistula**, to the Baltic Sea. These are the three chief streams, which water the great German Plain.'

2. 'Have you not missed the **Weser**?' said Gustave, who had the map open before him.

'I had not forgotten it,' said our friend; 'but it is a small stream compared with the great three. Yet it deserves a passing word, if only for the beauty of part of its course, which is said to resemble the scenery of the English river, the *Wye*. In its basin also are the **Hartz** mountains, famous for ghost stories, on one peak of which—the *Brocken*, or *Blockberg*—a giant figure is sometimes to be seen in the air. People have fancied it something terrible, and called it a *spectre*: it is really the reflection of the observer himself through the mist.

3. 'But let us leave the **Weser**. It flows through *Hanover*, which gave to England her present royal family, but has now ceased to be an independent State. Except this, there is not much of interest in its course.

'The *Elbe* is a much finer river. It rises, as I dare say you know, to the *south* of the mountain-chain, called the *Erz-gebirge*, or Great Mountains.'

4. 'Oh, yes!' exclaimed Gustave; 'that is where we first tried to draw our line of water-parting, but



[THE BROCKEN.]

found the Elbe breaking through, and forcing us to go farther to the southward.'

5. 'Twenty years ago,' continued our friend, 'we should have said that the whole of its course was in Germany. Now, this southern part of its basin, *Bohemia*, with the rest of the Austrian dominion, is shut out from the German Empire. In following the windings of the Elbe, we pass close to *Sadowa*, where the decisive battle for the mastery was fought between the two contending Powers, Prussia and Austria.

(ii.)

6. '*Bohemia*, once an independent kingdom, is a country of hills and valleys, shut in on all sides by lofty mountains, and watered by the Elbe and its tributaries, all meeting a little south of the point where it bursts through the mountain-wall into *Saxony*. On one of these tributaries, the *Moldau*, stands *Prague*, the ancient capital.

'The gorge, through which it forces its way, is very beautiful. Germans call it the *Saxon Switzerland*.

7. '*Switzerland!*' cried Gustave; 'surely there is nothing there like the mountains and plains of this noble country.'

'My young friend,' said the German, smiling, 'if you lived, as we do, in the flat plain of Central

Germany, you would be as ready as we are to give a grand name to the only mountain scenery we have to boast of. It is *our* Switzerland, though no doubt not equal to the real one.

8. 'A little farther down the river, we come to **Dresden**, the capital of **Saxony**, a really fine town, in pretty country, famous for the manufacture of china and porcelain. To the north-west, on a feeder of the Elbe, is **Leipzig**, noted for more than one battle in the wars of the first Napoleon, and specially worth seeing at the time of its great *Fairs*, which bring together Russians, Turks, Persians, Americans, Jews ; in short, specimens of almost all nations.

9. 'I need not linger on the rest of the course ; it is not interesting. We turn aside, however, to trace out one little tributary, the *Stavel*, which joins the Elbe on the right bank. You may well wonder why I take you along so small a stream, flowing through flat, tame country ; still more, perhaps, when, after passing the palace of *Potsdam*, I turn into the course of a still smaller one, the *Spree*. But here is my reason. Here, in this desolate spot, is **Berlin**, the capital of Prussia and Germany, well described as *an oasis of brick and stone in a desert of sand*. All has been done for the city that the hand of man could do, from

the days of Frederick the Great downwards. But nature has done nothing for it ; and, though a great town, it never can be an attractive one.

10. ' We return to the Elbe, and follow it to its mouth. At the head of the estuary is **Hamburg**, the chief port of Germany, and one of the three remaining *Free Cities* which govern themselves, and are not directly subject to any sovereign. The others are **Bremen** and **Lübeck**. The fourth was **Frankfort-on-Main**, now (like the kingdom of Hanover) absorbed into Prussia, in punishment for its support of Austria in the great war.

(iii.)

11. ' From Hamburg we make our way eastward to **Stettin**, at the mouth of the *Oder*. Following the course of the river *upwards*, to the south, we come to *Küstrin*, where it receives the Warthe, through which, by means of a canal—one of the works of the Great Frederick—it communicates with the Vistula. Then on to another Frankfort—**Frankfort-on-Oder**, where a similar canal connects it with the Elbe. Then through the mining and manufacturing province of *Silesia*—stolen, I am afraid, by Frederick from Austria—past **Breslau**, the capital, till we reach the source of the Oder, on Austrian ground, on the northern slopes of the Carpathians.

12. ' Here we are close to the upper waters of
G. V.

the Vistula. Following it downwards, we pass **Cracow** and **Warsaw**, the capitals of Austrian and Russian Poland, and then through rich corn-growing plains to **Danzig**, the chief seaport on the Baltic. You see that little fleet of merchant ships? Every one of them is laden with wheat; they are bound for England, or France, or wherever the people need more corn than they can grow. Outside the harbour, they are joined by a smaller squadron: these are from **Königsberg**, which lies a little to the north-eastward. And, behind them, come timber ships from **Memel**, the most distant German seaport, lying in the very farthest point of that tongue of land which shoots up on the south-eastern shores of the Baltic.'

13. 'Thanks, thanks, my friend!' I exclaimed. 'I have a lively picture in my mind of your vast German plain: its mountain barrier at the south, and its gradual slope to the Baltic; its three great river-basins, its ancient towns, its busy seats of industry.'

14. 'These great masses of corn and mighty trunks of trees, these hides and tallow, are not so taking to the eye as the grapes and wine of Southern France, or Spain! Yet, after all, the colder North produces its full proportion of things really needful; and we may turn from the sunny Mediterranean to the shores of the oft-frozen *Baltic*. and find that Nature has given to every

region a much more equal share of her bounty than at first sight we are apt to suppose.'

15. 'One other thought I carry away: your description tells, at every turn, of robbery, plunder, and injustice.'

'Yes! madame. All I can say, as a German, is, that we have not been the only thieves! The foot-prints of your great Emperor are graven deep in German soil.'

16. 'True! my friend,' I replied; 'and bitterly has France reaped the harvest of which Napoleon's victories sowed the seed. *Sedan* took full vengeance for *Jena*! But let us forget such scenes, and enjoy our last look at this land of freedom.'

17. 'Ah, madame! even this land of freedom is not clear from the stain. The very Cantons, which fought so bravely against Austria and Burgundy for their own liberty, were ready in many cases to oppress their weaker neighbours. Republicans can be tyrants, as well as kings!'

XXX. FROM BORDEAUX TO LISBON.

(i.)

1. AT last we are in Rome! Gustave and I arrived a week ago. Two days later, as we were

going to see the great church of St. Peter's, we heard voices calling us by name, in French, in English, and then in what sounded like an odd mixture of different languages. We turned, and there were our old friends, the Santals, and our new-found English friends, Mr. Campbell, and the boys.

2. 'Well met, madame !' cried Mr. Campbell. 'Did you hear Johnny's shout ? That was his best Spanish ! He hasn't had time yet to get up much Italian ; and I'm afraid his French and Spanish have got a little jumbled together ! But never mind ! Let us go to the hotel, and tell over the tales of our travels. We have told each other very little, that we might keep it all fresh for you.'

3. 'Now, Santal,' said he, when we were all seated ; 'you are to have the first turn, and Johnny is to practise the art of silence for a while. Begin at the beginning, and tell us all you saw between Bordeaux and Madrid.'

4. '*All I saw*,' said M. Santal, smiling, 'would make a long story ! But you shall have a sketch. We left Bordeaux, as you know, by a steamer bound for Oporto. Our first experience was how "winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay."¹ Charlie knows what that is like ! Our vessel

¹ *Childe Harold*, cant. i. § 14.

tossed and tumbled and rocked to and fro, while the waves dashed over us, "mountains high," till we all became very miserable, and saw but little of the north coast of Spain.'

5. 'You did not miss much,' said Mr. Campbell, 'unless you could have landed and explored some of the valleys. It is a narrow strip of mountain-land, full of spurs branching out in every direction, with short rapid rivers rushing headlong to the sea.'

'Ah!' said Charlie. 'That is our old friend, the Cantabrian chain, the western end of the great Wall.'

6. 'We could just trace the outline of it,' said M. Santal, 'as we ran along the coast; we caught sight of the seaport of **Santander**; and we were very glad when we had rounded **Cape Ortegal**, and found ourselves in the open Atlantic. For the Ocean was kinder to us than the Bay!'

7. 'Yes, indeed!' exclaimed one of his daughters; 'I was more dead than alive all the way through the Bay; but, somewhere near **Ferrol**, I began to revive; and by the time we reached **Corunna**, there was some pleasure in life!'

'*Corunna!*' cried Johnny; 'did you land to see the place where they buried Sir John Moore,

¹ See p. 9.

"darkly, at dead of night, and left him alone with his glory"?''

8. 'Nay, Johnny,' said Mr. Campbell, 'that is too much to expect, that a French steamer should stop to see the scene of an English victory! Yet they might have taken a pride in seeing how the French Marshal Soult did honour to the remains of a gallant foe: the poet made a mistake when he wrote that—

"Lightly they'll speak of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him."

Soult, though smarting under defeat, showed respect to the dead, and kindness to the living.'

(ii.)

9. 'Anyhow,' continued M. Santal, 'we did *not* land, but made the best of our way southward, round the Spanish **Cape Finisterre**. Just as we passed it, the sun went down grandly over the western ocean, showing its "tall cliffs, rosy red in the dying light of day."

10. 'You know, perhaps,' said he, turning to Mr. Campbell, 'that the grandest sunsets are said to be found between lat. 30° and 42°, including the whole of Portugal.¹ Cape Finisterre is all but within these limits.

¹ Humboldt, as quoted in Crawford's *Portugal Old and New*, p. 131.

11. 'Then came the **Minho**, the first of the five great *Atlantic* rivers of the Peninsula—into which flow the streams from the southern slope of the Western, or *Asturian* end of the great wall.'

'There,' I exclaimed, pointing southward, 'is *Portugal*: the Minho is its northern boundary.'

'And the name of this province,' added my son Adolphe, 'tells us what is the next river we come to. It is called *Entre (or between) Douro e Minho*: so the mouth of the Douro must be before us.'

12. 'In a few hours his words proved true: we entered the harbour of **Oporto**, in the estuary of the **Douro**. Here we stayed a few days, to see a little of the district where *port wine* is made. It is well worth seeing—a narrow strip of country among the hills, about sixty miles above Oporto—cut off from the sea by one lofty range of mountains, and shut in from the north and east by others, with vines growing on the brown, crumbling soil, in terraces from top to bottom of the hills. My boys and I greatly enjoyed our walk among the vineyards.'

13. 'Yet, oh! how hot it was!' said Adolphe, with a smile, and yet with something like a sigh. 'Not a breath of wind, and the sun's rays beating into the valley, and coming back to you from the

sides of the hills. I don't think it could be hotter in Africa.'

'Right! my young friend,' said Mr. Campbell; 'I know them both. The "summer heat in those valleys on the Douro is tropical."¹ Yet, in winter, you will find—what you find nowhere else in Portugal—ice thick enough to bear a man!'

14. 'And this,' added M. Santal, 'is the secret of the cultivation of the vine. It needs both the winter's cold, and the burning heat of summer.'

'Did you go farther up the Douro?' asked Gustave.

'If they had gone to its source,' cried Charlie, laughing, 'they might have found Johnny prowling about the tributaries of the Ebro, to find the watershed between the two basins! We thought we had lost him once or twice!'

15. 'We had no chance of finding him,' replied M. Santal. 'We had not time to explore the upper part of the basin. Yet there are old cities there, which I should have liked to see—**Salamanca, Valladolid, Burgos**, and others. But we returned at once to Oporto, and went by train to Lisbon—through a much opener country—thus passing from the *second* city and the *second* river of Portugal to the capital, and the still mightier stream of the **Tagus**.

¹ See Crawford's *Portugal*, p. 255.

XXXI. PORTUGAL.

I. 'THE situation of **Lisbon**,' continued M. Santal, 'is very striking, rising from the edge of the river, in the form of an amphitheatre, or semicircle,



[THE TAGUS.] .

and looking down on the grand estuary of the Tagus—"Her image floating on that noble tide."¹ I thought, as I looked at its hills, of the many scenes they had witnessed in the days of old—how, seven

¹ *Childe Harold*, cant. i. § 16.

hundred years ago, the Christian king of Portugal, with the help of German and English crusaders, had taken it from the Moors—how, six and a half centuries later, an English force under Wellington held the lines of *Torres Vedras*, to the north of the city, against the armies of Napoleon—how, in 1755, it was assailed by a more terrible enemy than any foreign conqueror—the great earthquake, which laid its buildings low, and crushed or drowned its inhabitants by thousands !’

2. ‘Oh ! father,’ exclaimed one of his daughters, ‘do not speak of these horrible things ! Let me tell Madame about the Church of Santa Maria at *Belem*. That is a real gem, and it is older than the earthquake ! Oh ! Madame,’ she continued, turning to me, ‘I wish you could have seen the exquisite carvings of the pinnacles and buttresses, and the light and airy pillars and arches, and (most of all) the wonderful roof !¹ It was the loveliest object I saw in Portugal.’

3. ‘And yet,’ said her father, ‘*Nature* showed you much that was lovely.’

‘I was hoping,’ said I, ‘that you would tell us something of the beauties of Nature. Is Portugal rich in fine trees and flowering plants ?’

‘Richer than any country I have seen. I can

¹ *Voyage of the ‘Challenger.’*

hardly tell you what are its true *natives*. For it has imported fruit and forest trees from every quarter of the globe, and they all flourish. *Camelias* from Japan, as large as our apple trees; *Loquats* from China, giving more perfect shade than the fig, and filling the air with the sweet scent of its blossoms; *Gum-trees* from Australia; the huge *Bella Sombra* from Brazil; and, finest of all, the giant *Magnolia* from Central America, taller than the tallest English oak, though not more than 120 years old; these are only a few out of many.

4. 'And then, in the stately gardens, amid the jets and cascades, and gently flowing rills,

"The orange tree, with bright-hued golden ball;
Citrons with weight of yellow-coated fruit,
And lemons odorous."

'Last of all comes the *olive*. Most travellers despise it, and I believe it does look dull and tame in spring and autumn; but, seeing it as we saw it, "in the full glory of summer-tide, when the dull leaden leaves glow all the day long with a silvery hue, and the sunset lights up a golden haze upon them, we began to understand why the old Greek poet spoke of the 'grey-green olive trees' as the crowning gift of Providence."¹

¹ *Crawford*, pp. 125-130.

5. 'And so we bid farewell to Portugal, and will speak no more of earthquakes or of battles or sieges. The whole peninsula is crowded with memories of war, from the old wars with the Moors, and civil wars among the petty kingdoms, now turned into provinces, to the great modern war against France. But we will pass them by.'

6. 'One word before we leave it,' said Mr. Campbell. 'Did it not seem strange to you that this little strip of country should have been able, for so long a time, to keep herself independent of her more powerful neighbour, Spain?'

'It *is* strange,' answered M. Santal. 'For, in most parts, there is no natural boundary.

"But, these between, a silver streamlet glides,
And scarce a name distinguishes the brook,
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides."¹

The rivers are Spanish before they are Portuguese, and the great mountain chains run mostly east and west. It shows the high spirit of the smaller nation, and she well deserves her independence. She has done much at times in naval enterprise, and is now, though nearly the smallest, the freest and the best-ordered of all the southern nations of Europe.

¹ *Childe Harold*, cant. i. § 33.

XXXII. NORTHERN AND CENTRAL SPAIN.

1. "Now," said I one morning, "what course shall we take? Shall we go by sea, round **Cape St. Vincent**, pass the mouth of the **Guadiana**, and so reach **Cadiz**, and take **Seville** on our way to **Madrid**? Or shall we follow the Tagus, up the whole of its course, to the capital of Spain?"

'With one voice all decided for the land journey. My daughters had had more than enough of the sea; my sons wished to see more of the country. So, from Lisbon to Madrid, passing **Talavera**, **Toledo**, **Aranjuez**, and other smaller towns, we kept close to the Tagus.'

2. 'You were in a valley, were you not?' said **Gustave**, 'between *the mountains of Castile* on the north, and *the Sierra del Toledo* on the south?'

'You may call it a valley,' answered **M. Santal**; 'but the lower part of the course is a wide plain, and in the upper you rise to so lofty a table-land, that the mountain ridges do not seem so high as they really are. This is the great central table-land or plateau of Spain, covering the whole of the space between the Cantabrian chain on the north and the Sierra del Toledo on the south.'

3. 'On this table-land stands **Madrid**, the capital of Spain ; not on the Tagus itself, but on an insignificant feeder, the *Manzanares*, in a bleak and barren district, where many of the watercourses are almost dry in summer. A strange contrast to the never-failing streams and rills we had left behind us in Portugal.

'Here ends my part of the story. It is for you now, my friend,' turning to Mr. Campbell, 'to tell us how you crossed the Pyrenees, and how many bears Johnny killed on the way.'

4. 'I wanted,' said Johnny, 'to try if I could have some fun with one, like *Friday* in "Robinson Crusoe ;" but they wouldn't let me stop to look for them. They hurried me away, and kept close to the coast, to see some of the border towns. I didn't care much for **Bayonne**, or **Biarritz**, or **St. Sebastian**, or for any place, till we came to **Bilbao**. A nice, queer old town ! And I liked the people about there. They looked like real Highlanders, not like the lazy, stuck-up fellows here, or the rude, noisy fellows in **Barcelona**.'

5. 'I hope you didn't learn any Spanish from them,' said M. Santal ; 'for it would not do very well for Madrid. Your *Basque* friends in *Biscay* are, as you say, a very different race from the Spaniards of *Castile*, and speak very differently.'

6. 'Well!' continued Johnny, 'after we left Bilbao we had some jolly days among the mountains.'

'The *Celtiberian* Mountains,' added Charlie; 'the great watershed between the *Ebro* and the western rivers.'

'I didn't think much about the name,' said Johnny; 'but I did enjoy those rambles up to the sources of the little rivers on the right bank of the Ebro. I must have been pretty near your Douro.'

7. 'Yes, Johnny,' said Charlie, laughing. 'And, if your friends you spent a night with had been a little fonder of you, they might have kept you on the top of the mountains till we all came to look for you.'

'Who were these friends?' asked Gustave.

'Why, late one afternoon Johnny managed to get away from us, with a young Basque guide, who spoke a little English; and both he and the guide lost their way, and wandered about in the dark, till they fell in with a party of wild-looking fellows.'

'The nicest fellows I have seen since I left home,' said Johnny.

'*Brigands*, I suppose,' said M. Santal.

'Yes, brigands or robbers; and they took him to their hut, and really took very good care of him.'

I suppose they saw he had not enough money to be worth robbing !’

‘They gave me a good supper,’ said Johnny. ‘Queer stuff, I dare say ; but I was very happy. I only wished I could have understood them better.’

8. ‘How did you manage to understand them at all ?’ asked Gustave.

‘Oh ! some of them could speak a little English ; and my guide told me what they meant ; and I spoke to them in English ; and, when that would not do, I tried French, or a few Spanish words I had picked up in Bilbao. And Charlie was not there to laugh at me, and so I got on very well.’

9. ‘After this adventure,’ said Mr. Campbell, ‘I got him away from the mountains as soon as possible. We took a look at **Vittoria** and **Pampluna**, both famous in the great war ; but I must not speak of battles and sieges ! We followed the Ebro past **Zaragoza**, or Saragossa, and thought of the Maid of Saragossa, the Spanish Joan of Arc. Then, nearly to the mouth of the river, and northward along the coast, to *Barcelona*, the chief seaport of eastern Spain.

10. ‘Here we found we had a little time to spare. So I hired a small steamer, and took a little

trip to *Majorca*, the largest of the **Balearic Islands**, back to **Valencia**, southward round the capes of *St. Martin* and *Palos*, to **Alicante** and **Cartagena**; and then by railway to join our friends at Madrid.'

XXXIII. SOUTHERN SPAIN.

(i.)

1. 'A SHORT stay in Madrid contented us,' continued Mr. Campbell. 'We saw the palace of the *Escorial*, and amused ourselves for a few days with watching the proud stately ways of the *Castilians*, and the gay graceful bearing of the ladies whom we saw on the *Corso*, or public promenade.'

2. 'Had you any adventures in Madrid, Johnny, before we came?' asked Mademoiselle Santal, with a smile.

'Ask Charlie,' said Johnny. 'I don't like those *Madrileños*, as they call themselves.'

'He was very near knowing more about them than he would have liked!' said Charlie. 'He was walking behind a very proud grandee, and was so amused by his stately step, that he began to try to copy it. It looked so funny, that even the grave Spaniards we met could not help laughing; till at last the grandee turned and caught



[SCENE IN THE BALEARIC ISLANDS.]

sight of him. What a look he gave him ! I was glad to carry him off into a side-street ; for I thought a blow or a stab was going to follow the look !’

‘A dangerous trick, Master Johnny !’ said M. Santal. ‘The *Castilian Don* is as hasty as he is proud. You were safer with your brigand friends on the mountains.’

3. ‘Why do you call the inhabitants of Madrid Castilians ?’ asked Gustave. ‘Are they a different people from those in the north ?’

‘There are many different races in Spain,’ answered M. Santal ; ‘and most of these *provinces* which you see marked on the map were separate kingdoms. The chief of these, in the end, were *Castile* and *Aragon*, which were united by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, whom you have heard of as the friends of Columbus.

4. ‘But it is time to go on with our story. We left Madrid by railway, for Cordova and Seville, crossing the upper waters of Byron’s “dark *Guadiana*,” cutting through the *Sierra Morena*, and coming out into the rich sunny plain of *Andalusia*, the garden of Spain, and basin of the *Guadalquivir*.’

5. ‘Is Andalusia another old kingdom ?’ asked Gustave.

‘Yes! the old kingdom of the *Moors* or *Saracens*, who crossed over from Africa, and at one time conquered nearly the whole of Spain. Andalusia was their last possession, when driven out of the rest of the country. *Cordova* and *Granada* were their chief cities, and still contain some interesting old buildings, in their quaint Eastern style.’

6. ‘They were a fine people,’ said Mr. Campbell, ‘though they were Mahometans, and far more civilised in many ways than the Christians against whom they fought. Very different from the modern Arab or the modern Turk!’

7. ‘We passed Cordova,’ continued M. Santal, ‘and followed the Guadalquivir to *Seville*. On every side were orange-groves, and trees laden with the fruits of hot climates; and bright overhead—too bright for comfort—was the burning southern sun.

‘Seville is a noble city, with its glorious river and its curious old buildings.

‘So sings Lord Byron,’ added Mr. Campbell :

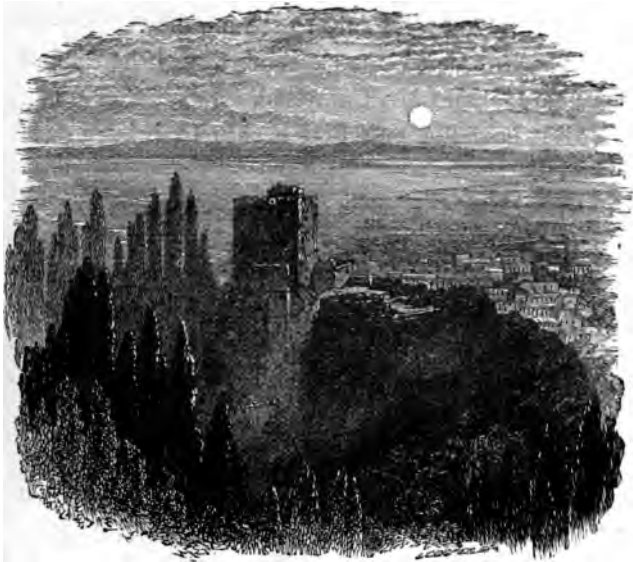
*‘Fair is proud Seville : let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days.’*¹

(ii.)

8. ‘Here, once more, we parted for a short time. My daughters were bent on seeing the

¹ *Childe Harold*, cant. i, § 65.

Alhambra, while **Cadiz** and **Gibraltar** had more attraction for Charlie and Johnny. So we left them to follow the course of the river, while we made the best of our way to Granada.



[THE ALHAMBRA BY MOONLIGHT.]

‘I need not describe to you the old Moorish Palace of the Alhambra. This view, which I brought away for you, shows what it is like, better than any words of mine.

9. ‘We went on to **Malaga**, on the south coast,

where our friends were to pick us up. To my surprise, they appeared in an English sailing vessel ; and the first object I espied was Johnny on the top-mast, waving a flag of welcome.'

10. 'Yes,' said Johnny, 'I was M, and Charlie was H : so you were sure to see me first.'

'M will break his neck some day, if he doesn't take care !' said Mr. Campbell.

'But how did you find a ship to bring you ?' asked I.

'Why,' said Charlie, 'as soon as we got to Cadiz, we went to see the ships in the harbour. And the very first I saw was the "Saucy Sally," which I knew so well. And there was my uncle, as brisk and busy as usual, and looking as if an English merchant ship doing a full trade was the happiest place on the face of the earth.'

11. "'Room for three passengers ?'" shouted Mr. Campbell, "and half a dozen more at Malaga ?"

"Room for a score," was the answer, "if they'll come my way."

"What is your way, Captain ?"

"Malaga, if you like, *Malta, Naples, Palermo, Brindisi*, and then on to *Alexandria and Odessa*."

"Book us as passengers as far as Brindisi. How long do you stay here ?"

"Three days," said my uncle, "and not a moment longer for anybody."

12. 'We spent the three days very pleasantly in exploring Cadiz, its docks, and quays, and stores of wine ; but we were well pleased to obey the captain's orders, and were on board some hours before he sailed.'

13. 'It is at Cadiz, is it not,' said I, 'that Lord Byron places his vivid description of that horrible scene, a bull-fight?''¹

'Yes,' replied Mr. Campbell ; 'but now, I fancy, it would be more easily seen at Madrid. I don't want to see one ! I only wonder that such a scene can give pleasure to a polished people like the Spaniards. Yet, to be sure, it is not so very long since bull-baiting was a favourite amusement in England.'

XXXIV. FROM CADIZ TO NAPLES.

1. 'THE "Saucy Sally," continued Mr. Campbell, 'sped swiftly on her way, before a north-west breeze, carrying us past **Cape Trafalgar**, the scene of Nelson's crowning victory ; past **Tarifa**, the most southerly point of Europe ; and so, through

¹ *Childe Harold*, cant. i. §§ 72, 79.

the *Straits of Gibraltar*, into the blue Mediterranean Sea.'

"Why, Johnny," exclaimed Charlie, as we came in sight of the Rock of Gibraltar, "there's the Man in the Moon's great rock! And it was the Atlantic Ocean, which we have just left, that tossed him about; and this smooth sea is the bright blue sheet of water that he came to first."

2. "Very likely," answered Johnny; "but what are those funny little things capering about on the rock?"

"Monkeys, my lad, monkeys," said Captain Chapman. "That is the only place in Europe where you will find them wild. But see! there is something more worth looking at. See those strong walls along the top of the rock, bristling with cannon. And behind them are soldiers. Can you make out the colours of their uniform?"

"Red!" shouted Johnny, "and some are in Highland tartan. They are British soldiers."

"True, my lad! Gibraltar is the one spot on the continent of Europe which we call our own. And a very pleasant thing it is for sailors like me, as we pass through these narrow straits, to think that those great guns overhead are in the hands of our friends and countrymen."

3. 'And so we glided past Gibraltar on our way

to Malaga, telling over the story of how we took it from the Spaniard, and how we kept it against French and Spaniards united.'

"Now for *Malta*!" cried Charlie, as we left *Cape de Gata* behind us. We had been skirting the coast after leaving Malaga, and looking up at the white summits of the **Sierra Nevada** to the northward; and now, at last, we said farewell to the Peninsula.

4. "Why is it called *the Peninsula*?" asked one of the young people.

"Because," answered Captain Chapman, "it is the largest of the three peninsulas of southern Europe. You see on the map how they all point southward—Turkey and Greece, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. This, which we have just left, is by far the largest.

5. "But what puzzles you, Charlie? You look as if you thought there was something wrong."

"Why, uncle," said Charlie, looking hard at the compass, "you were to take us to Malta, and that lies to the *south-east* of us; but you are going *north-east*!"

"Well done, Charlie!" said his uncle, laughing heartily; "you'll teach me my business very soon! But suppose I have a surprise for you! Wait and see."

6. 'We all waited and watched ; and in due time we saw, a few miles ahead of us, the outline of an island, and a mountain-chain rising up on the horizon.

' "What's that ?" cried Charlie.

' "**Sardinia**," shouted Johnny ; "I've found the name on the map."

' "Right, Johnny," said the captain. "As you're out on your travels, I thought I would change my plans, and give you a peep at *Sardinia* and *Corsica*. So we are going a few miles to the northward, then through the *Straits of Bonifacio*, and then south-eastward to the Gulf of Gaeta and the Bay of Naples, leaving Malta to come afterwards."

XXXV. NAPLES TO MALTA.

1. 'AH ! madame,' exclaimed one of the girls, 'I can never forget our first view of **Naples** ! I do not know whether you expect to reach that city ; but, to see it properly, you should approach it as we did. A cloudless sky overhead, the bright blue water below us, hardly a breath of wind stirring as we glided into the glorious bay. I tried hard,' she continued with a smile, 'to make Johnny admire it ;

but he had no eyes for anything except the smoky top of **Vesuvius** in the distance.'

2. 'Yes!' replied Johnny, 'I was hoping, all the time, to see a great sheet of fire burst out through the smoke, and the hot lava rolling down the sides. I wanted Mr. Campbell to take us to the top; but it was the only thing he has refused me.'

'I took him,' said Mr. Campbell, 'to what was much more worth seeing—the buried city of **Pompeii**; but he cared very little for the Roman houses and temples, and I could hardly get him to listen to the story.'

3. 'I believe,' said Charlie, 'he was wishing all the time to get away to **the Apennines**, to find out some more brigands! But my uncle hurried us off. Most of us were sorry to leave so soon. We should have liked to see a little more of the gay and merry people of Naples.'

'A lazy, useless set of fellows!' growled Johnny.

4. 'Well,' continued Charlie, 'from Naples we sailed along the coast, by the *Gulfs of Salerno* and *Policastro*, then to **Palermo**, the chief town of *Sicily*, and skirted the north coast of that island till we came to the *Straits of Messina*.'

'I saw some *volcanoes*,' said Johnny, '**the Lipari Islands**. We passed close by the best of them, **Stromboli**.'

5. 'Had the captain no fears for his ship,' said I, 'in passing through the Straits? It used, in old times, to be reckoned a dangerous passage, with rocks on one side, and whirlpools on the other.'

'The rocks and whirlpools are there, madame ; but the "Saucy Sally" has passed them too often for him to be afraid now. We went merrily through, then scudded along the east coast of Sicily, giving Johnny a view of **Etna**, another of his darling volcanoes, and delighting my heart with the memories of the old glories of **Syracuse**. We passed **Cape Passaro** in the night, and before we knew where they were, we dropped anchor in the harbour of **La Valetta**, the capital and seaport of *Malta*.

6. 'Malta is a lovely island, but we could not spare time to explore it. We were so fortunate as to find the British Fleet assembled in the noble harbour, one of the finest in the world.'

"There," said the captain, pointing to the Fleet, "you see why Malta is worth so much to Great Britain. Our whole fleet can ride here in safety, and be ready whenever it is wanted ; merchant ships and steam packets can call here for repairs, or coals, or provisions, or water. It is a grand centre for all purposes."

7. 'But has not Malta,' said I, 'some trade of its own?'

‘A little,’ answered Mr. Campbell, ‘fruit, corn, lace—a little of each; and a few years ago, when no cotton could be had from America, it was shown that the cotton-plant would flourish here. But the great value of Malta must always be its harbour. We did not lose much when we gave up Minorca, which once belonged to us, but Malta would be a very heavy loss.

8. ‘As we left the island,’ he continued, ‘the captain showed us where St. Paul was shipwrecked.’

‘They were not bad sailors in those days,’ said he, ‘considering the clumsy build of their ships, and that they had no compass. They did the best that could be done after the storm; and St. Luke’s account is so clear, that any one who knows the coast can put his finger on the exact spot where they were driven on shore.’¹

‘And so we sailed away, talking as we went of the old Knights of St. John, and the many hands into which Malta had passed from time to time.

¹ *Acts* xxvii. (especially the Revised Version).

XXXVI. MALTA TO BRINDISI AND ROME.

1. "NOW for capes and gulfs!" exclaimed Johnny, as we left La Valetta. "See here, on the map, how many points there are poking out into the sea! There's the first! That must be *Pas-saro*. Then come *Spartivento*, at the toe of the boot, *Colonna*, *Di Leuca* at the heel; and, between them, the Gulf of *Squillace* (what a funny name!) and the great open-mouthed *Taranto*."

'All these we passed in their turn; and then, after rounding Cape di Leuca, we soon reached **Brindisi**, a very ancient seaport, much frequented eighteen hundred years ago, long forsaken, and quite lately brought into notice again, as the most convenient port for travellers going to India by the Suez Canal.

2. 'The mail train had just arrived, and all was in a bustle, every one eager to see that their luggage was safe, and to secure good berths on the steamer, and yet talking all the time about their journey from Paris, and the tunnel under Mount Cenis, and all the places they had passed.

'Here we took leave of Captain Chapman and the "Saucy Sally." He would have liked to carry

off Johnny, and Johnny wouldn't have said No! I was bound to keep him under my own eye. So we tore him away, and took the train from Brindisi to *Ancona*.

3. 'I was glad, and so I think was my friend Santal, to see this bit of the Italian coast, which neither of us (as it happened) had known before. We had the rugged chain of the Apennines on our left, and the blue Adriatic on our right. We lost it once, for a few miles, behind **Mount Gargano**.'

'I remember,' said Madame Santal, 'I was tired and half asleep at that moment, when I heard a shout, "The sea! the sea!" and there was Johnny, stretching head and arms and half his body out of the window, and waving his flag, as if the "Saucy Sally" had still been in sight!'

4. 'Just like the shout of the old Greek soldiers,' said Gustave, 'when they came in sight of the Black Sea after their long march from Persia.'

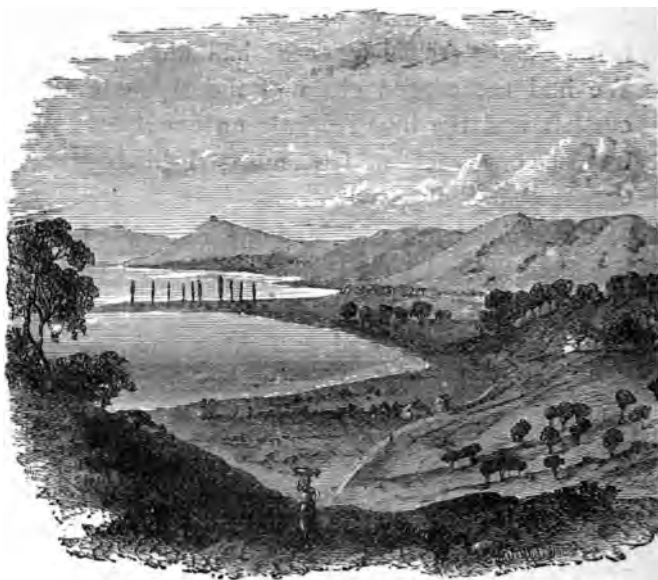
'Well!' continued Mr. Campbell, 'we went on as far as *Ancona*, near the spot where the railway leaves the coast. All the way, we crossed little mountain streams without number, carrying the waters of the Apennines to the Adriatic.

5. 'At *Ancona*, to Johnny's delight, we hired

some mules, and set out to make our way over the mountains to **Perugia** on the *Tiber*.'

'Any brigands to be seen, Johnny?' said I.

'No! at least none came near us. I don't



[LAKE TRASYMENO.]

think I should have liked them as well as my Spanish friends. The men we saw looked as if they would *like* to cut your throat!'

6. 'Our mountain journey,' said Mr. Campbell, was very pleasant, but we had no adventures.

From Perugia, we took a little trip to see Lake **Trasymeno**, and the narrow pass along its shores, where—long, long ago—a Roman army suffered a terrible defeat. Then we followed the course of the Tiber to Rome, reaching it just in time to welcome you, to tell this story of our wanderings, and now—with more pleasure—to prepare to listen to yours.’

7. Our story, as you know, was a long one ; but you have already heard the earlier portion of it, taking us as far as Lucerne. I had written out for you an account of our passage over the Alps, and our journey to Venice and Rome. So, when ~~we~~ **I** came to this point, I took up my letter, and read ~~it~~ **it** to our friends. You shall have it to-morrow.

XXXVII. FROM LUCERNE TO MILAN

1. WE have made out our three days’ journey over the pass, and we have been well repaid for the fatigue. We have taken our last look from the steamer of the Lake of Lucerne ; we have passed through **Altorf**, the scene of the story of William Tell ; we have traced the rapid *Reuss* to its source, marvelling as we went at the tales that were told us

of mighty armies—French, Austrian, and Russian—contending with each other eighty years ago in these mountain fastnesses. At last we reached the summit of the pass, where four cantons meet, and round which, within a circle of ten miles, four great rivers—the Rhine (or, at least, one of its branches, the Vorder Rhine), the Rhone, the Reuss, and the Ticino—take their rise.

2. The sound of the last name reminded us that we were approaching Italy. As we came along, Gustave had been amusing himself by trying to make the guide speak French.

‘It is strange,’ he said at last, ‘that there seems to be no Swiss language. At Geneva and Chamonix they all spoke French; at Lucerne they talked German; and now we have the sound of Italian.’

3. He was right. We had crossed the watershed, and had begun to descend the southern slope. It was a wild and desolate spot—not a peak, but a valley, though nearly 7,000 feet above the sea, with snow-clad peaks rising above it. I could not have crossed it in winter; it is often stopped by snowdrifts, and swept by avalanches; but at this time of year it is safe. I am glad to have seen it; but I was also glad to feel myself descending, and to catch a distant glimpse of **Bellinzona**.

‘Our first Italian town!’ cried Gustave.

‘No, not yet; it is Italian in name and appearance, and you are looking down on Italian scenes. But you are still in Switzerland: *Bellinzona* is one of the chief towns of the canton of Ticino.’

4. We hastened on to **Locarno**, ‘beautifully situated on the margin of the lake of Lago Maggiore, amid groves of orange and lemon, in view of tall white steeples on the hillside, and little white chapels peering out from among the trellised vines, and mirrored in the glassy lake.’ Truly a contrast to the scenes and climate we had just left behind us on St. Gothard!

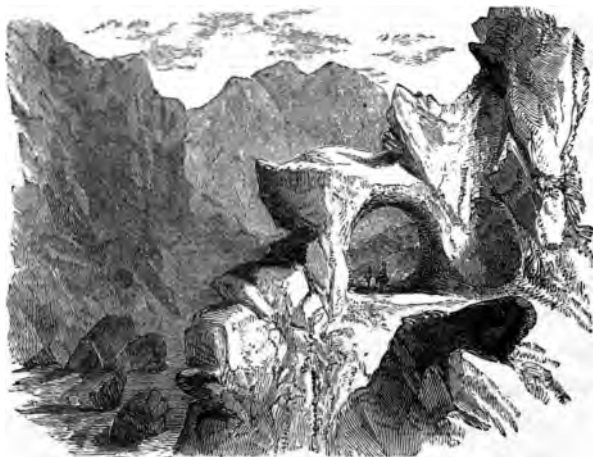
5. We were now fairly in the plain of **Lombardy**, the great basin of the Po. Far away to the westward lay Monte Rosa and the other giants of the Pennine Alps. To the south and south-west were the upper waters of the Po, and its innumerable tributaries, fed by Alpine snows, and by the streams of the northern face of the Apennines.

‘Oh, mother!’ exclaimed Gustave, rather sorrowfully, ‘how much we have missed! There,’ pointing south-westward, ‘stands **Turin**, the old capital of Piedmont; and there, beyond it, are the valleys of the *Waldenses*. Could we not take a trip to them? I should so like to read Milton’s sonnet on the very spot where they fought and died for their faith.’

6. 'Perhaps we may see them on our way home. Meanwhile, here is our railway, and we must take the train to *Milan*.'

XXXVIII. THE BASIN OF THE PO.

1. '*Como* sends greetings to *Maggiore*,' shouted Edmond, as he entered my room at Milan, looking



[ON THE SPLÜGEN.]

all the better for his week's walking trip, and full of the praises of all he had seen, especially of the Lake of Zurich, and the wonderful gorge on the northern side of the Splügen Pass,

'I don't believe,' said Gustave, 'that it can be finer than *our* gorge between Lucerne and Mount St. Gothard.'

2. 'Listen,' said Edmond. 'This *Via Mala*, or evil road, as it is called, is a sort of shelf or tunnel cut out of the solid rocks, which overhang it, and almost touch each other on either side of the gorge. Hundreds of feet below is the Rhine, or rather the *Hinter Rhein*, for we had left behind us the point where the two branches meet each other. It was the grandest sight I have seen since I left home.'

3. 'Should you like to live there?' asked Gustave.

'No,' said Edmond, smiling, 'the floods would be too much for me; not to speak of the cheerless climate. The Rhine rose, once at least, high enough to fill the whole gorge and carry away the bridges. But I am very glad to have seen what a Swiss pass really is.'

4. 'And now for *Como*,' cried Gustave. 'Is it finer than Maggiore?'

'I cannot tell. But it is very lovely. Here are a few lines by an English poet,¹ which will give you a better picture of it than any words of mine could do:—

¹ H. Taylor.

“ Sublime, but neither bleak nor bare,
Nor misty are the mountains there ;
Softly sublime, profusely fair,
Up to their summits clothed in green,
And fruitful as the vales between,
They lightly rise,
And scale the skies,

And groves and gardens still abound ;
For, where no shoot
Could else take root,
The peaks are shelved, and terraced round.”

5. ‘ The *Adda* runs into the lake, and flows out of its lower end on its way to join the Po.’

‘ Just as the *Ticino* does out of Lake Maggiore,’ added Gustave.

Here our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of M. Nicolas, who came to introduce his nephew and a friend, and to take his leave.

‘ Having handed over my charge safe and sound,’ he said with a smile, ‘ it is time for me and my nephew to return to Paris. My good friend here, M. Batthyani, means to stay awhile in Venice, before going home to Hungary. He knows Italy well ; his sons, like yours, are making their first tour.’

6. We were delighted with our new friends, though sorry to part with the older ones. Three days were pleasantly spent in seeing the sights of

Milan, especially the glorious cathedral, and then we came on to **Venice**.

‘How pleasant it is,’ said M. Batthyani, as we came along, ‘to think that this sunny land is now a land of freedom! Look at this old map! See all these divisions, many of them little scraps of country, each at that time under a different sovereign, and all but one ruled with an iron hand. It seems but the other day that *Milan* and *Venice* were Austrian; *Florence* the capital of the Archduke of *Tuscany*; *Rome* of the *States of the Church*; and (last and worst) *Naples* and *Sicily* groaning under Bourbon tyranny. In the north-west corner alone, Piedmont and the kingdom of Sardinia enjoyed a fair amount of freedom. Now, all are free, and all are one! Garibaldi’s dream has come true: the king of Sardinia is king of Italy, with Rome as his capital, instead of Turin or Florence.

7. ‘Is it not strange,’ he continued, ‘that a country so strongly guarded by nature should have been so often invaded? This sunny plain, in spite of its mountain wall, is crowded with the traces of foreign armies on Italian soil. The Ticino and the *Trebbia* (on the right bank of the Po) tell how, even in the days of old Roman power, the Alps could not keep out a determined

foe ; *Pavia* in the days of our old kings, *Marengo* and *Lodi* under Napoleon I., saw French and Austrians making poor Italy their battle-field — *Novara* crushed for a moment the hopes which *Magenta* and *Solferino* revived. But here we are at Venice : we must forget the past for a while, and study the present !'

XXXIX. VENICE AND ROME.

(i.)

I. OUR few days in Venice were very delightful. We were charmed with the appearance of this 'Queen of the Adriatic,' as she was proudly called in the old days—

'When Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles.'

She is a dethroned queen now, but very beautiful still. Her *gondolas* still glide along her silent pathways, the canals ; the gondoliers still fill the air with music ; and at every turn we found something to remind us of the days when the fleets of Venice swept the seas, and were

'Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite ;'

when her merchants were princes, and her *Doge* could meet kings and emperors on nearly equal

terms. It was almost sad to think how all this greatness has passed away.

2. 'Yet,' said M. Santal, 'if I may interrupt you for a moment, much of this was hollow.



[THE BRIDGE OF THE RIALTO.]

The Doge himself, proudly as he spoke, was but the servant of the nobles, and these nobles were as selfish, cruel, and grasping as any tyrant you can read of. The *people* of Venice may be much happier now.'

‘True, my friend,’ I replied ; ‘it is better as it is! But the old glories seem bright as you look back upon them!’

3. I again took up my letter.

Were you not surprised when I told you yesterday, that *Gustave and I* had arrived at Rome? Where, then, was Edmond? Quite safe, you may be sure; but we had parted for a while. M. Bathyani and his sons were returning home, and persuaded me—with some difficulty—to let Edmond go with them on a short tour through the Tyrol, Austria, and Hungary, and *perhaps* into Turkey and Greece. So, for the present, Gustave is my only companion.

4. We all travelled together as far as **Verona** on the *Adige*, where we left them to pursue their northward journey, while we turned southward, passing **Mantua** on the *Mincio*, **Cremona** on the Po, near its junction with the *Adda*; then, crossing to the right bank, we availed ourselves of the railway to see **Parma** and **Modena**, once capitals of petty duchies; and leaving the main line at **Bologna**, we made our way through the Apennines to the famous city of **Florence** on the *Arno*.

5. Famous, not because she was the old capital of Tuscany, and for a short time the capital of united Italy; she had no fleets like Venice, nor

ancient glory like Rome ; but for many years she was the home of the most gifted poets, artists, and other men of genius. We thought also of one still nobler name, the great reformer, preacher, and martyr, *Savonarola*.

(ii.)

6. From Florence we went to **Pisa**, to see the 'hanging tower'—so called because it does not stand upright, but looks as if it were falling—and on to **Leghorn**, or *Livorno*, the port of Florence, where we engaged a little vessel, to enjoy a short trip along the coast of the blue Mediterranean.

7. We could not resist the temptation of taking a peep at **Genoa**, the old rival to Venice. So we turned our vessel's head to the north-west, passed the Gulf of *Spezia*, and got nearly opposite to the point where the Apennines meet the Maritime Alps. Then, turning southward, we caught sight of Cape *Corso*, the northern point of Corsica, and passed between that island and **Elba**.

'These two islands,' said M. Santal, 'lying so close together, read us a striking lesson ! The one the birthplace of Napoleon, the other his prison !'

8. 'From **Elba**,' I continued, 'a few hours' sail took us to **Ostia** at the mouth of the Tiber, and soon we found ourselves in Rome.'

'So now,' said Gustave, 'we have seen very

nearly the whole of the coast of Italy. *We* have skirted it from the borders of Savoy to the mouth of the Tiber ; and *you* have gone completely round from the Gulf of Gaeta, by the southern capes, to



[THE CASTLE AND BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO.]

Ancona. We have missed nothing but the little bit between Ancona and Venice.'

9. Our party will soon be broken up ; M. Santal returning to Paris, and Mr. Campbell to England by way of Switzerland and the Rhine. Gustave and I propose spending the winter here.

We have seen *St. Peter's* and the *Vatican* palace, and a few other modern buildings. But, as you know, the chief interest in Rome is in its ancient remains—the *Coliseum*, the *Arch of Trajan*, the *Catacombs*, and so on. All these we hope to see; and before we come home, we shall be able to answer any questions on things new and old in this great capital.

10. One word more. You asked me, in one of your letters, to tell you about

‘Tiber, Father Tiber,
To whom the Romans pray.’

I am sorry to say that there is nothing grand about him! He may bring down a good deal of water, now and then, in a flood; but, in his usual state, he is a very poor exchange for the Loire, the Rhône, or any of the streams of Lombardy. If it were not for the greatness of Rome, no one would think about the Tiber.

XL. THE BASIN OF THE DANUBE.

(i.)

I. HERE is a treat for you, my little friends! I have just received a long letter from Edmond, which will be more amusing to you than any account of what we have seen in Rome.

2. 'Picture to yourself, Gustave,' says he to his brother, 'that we have set out one fine morning to climb some of the peaks of the chain of mountains you see marked on your atlas near the source of the Italian river Adige. Do you remember the gaiters and the iron-pointed staves? I assure you they proved very useful to us after a few trials.

3. 'In these mountains, with their abrupt rocks and dangerous chasms, are to be seen hunters, daring and skilful to a degree hard to believe. They pursue the chamois—a kind of mountain goat—and, by constantly going after them, become almost as nimble as they. Seeing what they could do, we began to think that it could not be so very hard to keep our footing. "Our poles will be of service," said we. Upon this I took a longer step than usual. Finding myself tottering, I desired to plant my staff firmly in the ground. Alas! my nose instantly followed it, and I rolled to some distance; my two friends coming tumbling after me. All three of us rolled on and on ever so far; and, when at last we managed to stop ourselves, only ten paces off was a gaping abyss! This lesson, as you may believe, taught us the need of caution.

4. 'We were now in the basin of the *Inn*, with

the *Engadine* on our left. Descending the valley, we came to an interesting old town, **Innsbruck**, the capital of the Tyrol, in lovely country. For the Tyrol, though less known than Switzerland, is almost as beautiful, and the Tyrolese have fought for their freedom in old days as bravely as the Swiss.

5. 'From Innsbruck we followed the Inn into Bavaria, and soon afterwards entered the train for **Munich**, the capital of Bavaria. On our way we passed not far from *Hohenlinden*, and I thought of the lines of the English poet Campbell. The "*Isar* rolling rapidly," however, does *not* flow by Hohenlinden, but close to Munich. We stopped for a day to see the picture galleries and public buildings, and then hastened on to **Ratisbon**, where we had our first view of the mighty *Danube*, at its confluence with the *Regen*.

6. 'Ratisbon, or *Regensburg*, a very ancient town, once an important trading centre, and for some years the seat of the German Diet, has now lost its commercial greatness. But it is well worth seeing. Some of the houses of the old barons, with their towers of defence, are still standing; and near it is the famous Walhalla—the celebrated Temple of Fame, built for the purpose of containing the busts of all the great men of Germany.

It stands on an eminence overlooking the Danube, and the view from it is wonderfully fine.

(ii.)

7. 'We now followed the course of the Danube to **Passau** and **Linz**, passing on our way the confluences of our old friends the Isar and the Inn, besides many smaller tributaries.

"At Passau," said M. Batthyani, "the Danube becomes an Austrian river, and the scenery is more and more charming as we go on."

"Does the Danube, then," said I, "now cease to be a German river?"

8. "'Not yet. The people of Upper and Lower Austria speak German; but *our* language—the language of Hungary—is called *Magyar*; and nearer to the mouth of the great river in the Black Sea the languages become numerous, including many Slavonic dialects, and the Roumanian tongue, a corruption of the old Roman or Latin language."

9. "'Have you ever been to the source of the Danube?" I asked.

"Oh yes. I have seen its birthplace in the Black Forest of Baden, not so very far from the Rhine. If you look at the map, you will see that South Germany, that is Baden, Württemberg, and Bavaria, and the little duchy of Hohenzollern, from which sprang the royal family of Prussia,

are drained on the north and west by the Rhine, Neckar, and Main, and on the south and east by the Danube and its feeders."

10. 'During its north-eastern course across Württemberg the Danube increases in size, and leaves it at **Ulm** a navigable river. From Ulm to Ratisbon it continues to flow to the north-east, receiving many streams, one of which, the *Alt-muhl*, is connected with the Main by a great canal, which crosses the great water-parting of Europe, and so provides uninterrupted water communication between the Black Sea and the German Ocean.

"**Linz!**" cried out the guard, and we left the train.

11. 'We were so pleased with **Linz**, that we gave half a day to it. I have not seen even in Switzerland more charming scenery. Close to the river, on the north, is the *Böhmer Wald*, or forest hills of Bohemia, while offshoots from the Noric Alps run up from the south, narrowing the valley till it becomes almost a gorge.

'To the southward, on our right hand, lay the mountains known as the *Noric*, *Carnic*, and *Julian Alps*, from which flow numerous tributaries of the Danube, some northward and north-eastward into Austria and Hungary; some, like the *Drave* and

Save, south-eastward, joining it on the borders of Turkey.

12. "All this country," said M. Batthyani, "is rich in minerals. Hungary and Transylvania boast of gold; Bohemia, of silver; *Styria*, *Carniola*, and *Carinthia*, of lead and iron. Coal abounds, especially in the north and west; and salt at **Salzburg**, on the German frontier, and in Galicia on the Russian. At **Idria**, not far from *Trieste* on the Adriatic, is the most productive quicksilver mine in Europe, except that of Almaden, in Spain."

XLI. AUSTRO-HUNGARY.

1. 'AS we approached **Vienna**, we found the Danube broken up into several branches, or arms, by one of which we were able to reach the very centre of the city. It is very striking: I have seen no place, except Venice, which interested me so much. The Palace, the *Prater*, or public drive, on an island between two branches of the river, and many fine public buildings, gave us full occupation for the few days we spent there; and, when we had seen enough of them, the country round furnished many pretty scenes

2 "Formerly," said M. Batthyani, "there were

many more branches of the Danube, and they often overflowed their banks. The main stream now runs in a new bed, made for it some years ago—a great improvement, and one which does credit to the energy of the Viennese.”

3. “You must be proud of your beautiful capital,” said I, rather heedlessly, as we were on our way down the Danube towards Hungary.

“Nay, my young friend,” he replied ; “Vienna is not my capital. I hope to show you, in an hour or two, **Presburg**, the old capital of Hungary, and, a day or two later, **Buda-Pesth**, which for many years has taken its place.”

4. “Two capitals!” I exclaimed ; “how is that?”

“Two capitals,” he replied, “because there are two nations. The *Emperor* of Austria is also *King* of Hungary ; but Hungary has its own government, and manages its own affairs. We had to fight hard for our independence,” he continued, speaking low, as if to himself. Then, all of a sudden, he exclaimed :

“See there! that is **Komorn**, perhaps the strongest fortress in Europe. It was the last place that held out against the Austrian and Russian armies in our great war thirty years ago. We failed then ; but our time came, and Austria now is glad

to have side by side with her a contented and friendly Hungary."

5. 'Buda-Pesth, as you might guess from the form of the name, is not one town, but two, with the Danube rolling between them. *Buda*, on the



[DANUBE--CASTLE OF OFEN OR BUDA.]

left bank, is very old : long, long ago, it was the capital of *Attila*, the terrible king of the Huns, called, from the havoc he wrought in Western Europe, "the Scourge of God." *Pesth*, on the right, is modern ; and the two together make up a very interesting city.

6. 'Far away to the northward were the Carpathians, the water-parting between the Danube and the Vistula.

"And also, I suppose, the northern boundary of Austro-Hungary?"

"It ought to have been so," answered M. Batthyani, "but we have some stolen property beyond the mountains: *Galicia*, a part of the old kingdom of Poland, famous for its salt mines, lies on the north of the Carpathians."

7. 'Before reaching Buda-Pesth, the Danube takes a sharp turn to the southward, and flows in that direction, till it passes out of Hungary into Turkey. The following conversation will show you why I do not at present describe to you this part of its course.

8. "A letter from Rome!" I exclaimed, "but not from my mother or Gustave. It looks like English handwriting. From Charlie, I declare. He has persuaded his uncle to change his plans, and come back to Brindisi, to pick them up, and take them to *Odessa* and perhaps to *Sebastopol*. Here are his last words: 'Why should not you get M. Batthyani to give you another little trip down the Danube, and join us at Constantinople? I have asked Madame, and she has given her consent.'"

9. "Well!" said M. Batthyani, "this young

gentleman seems to be used to having his own way ! As it happens, however, I have no objection to his little trip ; what say you ? ” turning to his nephews.

‘ They were delighted with the idea, and so was I.

‘ So, to-morrow or next day, we hope to set out to see the lower course of the Danube for ourselves ; and my next letter will most likely be dated from *Belgrade* or *Constantinople*.

XLII. TURKEY AND THE PROVINCES.

1. ‘ WE travelled rapidly from Buda-Pesth to **Belgrade**, through a flat and sometimes marshy country, seeing nothing of much interest, except the confluences of the three great tributaries of the Danube, the *Drave* and the *Save* on the right bank, and the *Theiss* on the left.

2. ‘ At Belgrade, the capital of *Servia*, we entered the Turkish provinces. Here offshoots from the *Balkans* and the *Carpathians* come so near to each other that they form a narrow gorge, called the **Iron Gate**, through which the waters of the Danube force their way, boiling and surging in a dangerous rapid.

3. ‘ *Servia*, like *Roumania* and *Bulgaria* to the

east of it, and *Bosnia* and *Hersegovina* on the west, were provinces of Turkey. The last two are now Austrian ; the first three are independent.

4. 'From Belgrade we took a direct course to **Bucharest**, the gay capital of Roumania ; then (crossing the Danube at **Giurgevo**) to **Sophia**, the capital of Bulgaria, and across the Balkans to **Constantinople**. We passed through a beautiful and fertile country, full of interesting spots ; but we could not pause to explore them, or to do more than glance at the picturesque dress of the people. *One* description I must give you, written for an English newspaper during the war. We sat on the northern bank where it was written, while M. Batthyani read it to us. I leave out the passages which refer specially to the contending armies :—

5. " Nothing could be more delightful than the view I have from my window here, on the banks of the Danube. Immediately in front of me is a boulevard, with gravel walks, green trees, benches, and little round tables. Beyond, at a distance of twenty yards, are five or six small ships moored to the quay, and beyond them the Danube, more than a mile wide, rolling its swift muddy waters along in a noisy, angry, threatening manner, as though determined to remain an impassable barrier for ever to the armies waiting on its shores.

6. “On the other side are steep, abrupt banks which here and there, however, melt away into grassy slopes, that come down to the water’s edge in a gentle incline.

“Then, a little higher up the river, the tall, slender minarets and gilded domes of **Rustchuk**, which glisten and burn in the sunshine; and behind the town the green hills of Bulgaria, covered with orchards, vineyards, pasture-fields, and clumps of trees.

7. “Far down below me the river widens out to the dimensions of a lake, and covers miles and miles of land, which during ordinary seasons is never reached by the high waters. Here and there are little islands, and clumps of trees standing in the water up to their waists, as if trying to keep cool! The broad, swiftly-flowing river, the green hills rising behind the sky, the slender minarets and glittering domes, the blue sky and the warm sunshine bathing it all in a glorious sea of light, make up a picture such as is rarely seen.”¹

¹ *Daily News*’ Correspondent (abridged).

XLIII. GREECE.

(i.)

1. 'HURRAH!' shouted Johnny, as he took leave of us on his way from Rome to Brindisi, 'we shall have such a glorious trip, in and out of all the little bays and creeks, round the capes and promontories, into the harbours and seaports, up the hills and down again; we shall see Greece, and Turkey, and the Archipelago, and the Sea of Marmora, and the Black Sea, and all the rest of it!

2. 'And then,' I asked, 'what next?'

'Home, I suppose, somehow,' said Johnny; 'but I don't know how!'

And so we parted. Here is Charlie's letter to Gustave, giving an account of their voyage as far as Constantinople:—

3. 'We found my uncle waiting for us at Brindisi. His first words were, "Just in time; if you had been a day later, you would have missed me! I'm off to *Trieste*, then along the coast, by *Montenegro* and *Albania*, round Greece, and so to Constantinople."

4. "A southerly wind and a *cloudless* sky!" sang Mr. Campbell, as we glided smoothly and swiftly over the blue Adriatic. We saw Venice



[WALLS OF CATTARO.]

at some distance on our left, and soon dropped anchor in the harbour of **Trieste**.

5. "The name sounds Italian," said I to Mr. Campbell, "and the people seem more Italian than German."

"Yes," he replied; "here is the last bit of Italian ground which is still in the hands of Austria—the one important port which gives her access to the sea."

6. "I should like to see something of it," I began; but my uncle broke in—

"No time for sight-seeing here! I'm off to-night;" and by daybreak we were some miles on our way southward. We had skirted the coast of *Dalmatia*, and were entering the deep inlet of **Cattaro**, looking at the "strange quaint city, still subject to Austria, with its old Venetian wall, climbing up the steep ascent to the castle, 1,000 feet above the sea."

7. "What jolly mountains!" cried Johnny, as we looked up at the heights of *Montenegro*.

"Yes," said Mr. Campbell; "and on those mountains you would find real highlanders, like my own countrymen in Scotland, 'kilted to the knee,' like their next-door neighbours, the Albanians, fierce and brave warriors, who have kept themselves

free for generations in spite of many attacks from Turkey.

8. “Hear how Byron speaks of this country :—

Morn dawns, and with it stern Albania's hills,
Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' island peak,
Robed half in mist, bedewed with snowy rills,
Arrayed in many a dun and purple streak,
Arise ; and, as the clouds along them break,
Disclose the dwellings of the mountaineer :
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak ;
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
And gathering storms around convulse the closing year !”¹

9. ‘Johnny looked wistfully upwards ; but he knew it was of no use asking to be allowed to linger.

“No freedom on board ship,” said my uncle, laughing ; “I’m *absolute*, and I allow no deserters.”

‘So on we sped, past **Dulcigno**, the seaport lately handed over to Montenegro ; past **Skutari**, the chief port of Albania ; through the straits of *Otranto* ; past **Corfu**, with its splendid harbour, and the other Ionian islands, once under British protection, now part of the kingdom of Greece.

10. ‘No ! Johnny, no time to land here, to see the Greek ships and sailors, or to buy grapes or currants ! On we go, till opposite the island of

¹ *Childe Harold*, canto ii. § 42.

Cephalonia, we turn sharply eastward, and enter the *Gulf of Lepanto*.

(il.)

“Famous places on all sides of us,” said Mr. Campbell. “There is **Missolonghi**, where Lord Byron died; and these waters have seen many a fierce sea-fight in the days of old. To our left, stretching away to the northward, is the chain of *Pindus*, branching off from the Balkans at the point where they meet the *Dinaric Alps*, which form the mountains of Montenegro and Albania. The chain is broken by this gulf, but it runs round the isthmus that lies before us, and so to the southernmost point of the country. To our right is the **Morea**, the home in ancient days of the most warlike people of old Greece.”

11. “Then the Morea is not an island,” said Johnny, “and we can’t sail round it?”

“No, Johnny; here we are at **Corinth**, and here is the Isthmus of the same name. The Morea is a small peninsula, just as Turkey and Greece together form a large one.”

12. “Johnny never liked isthmuses,” said I, laughing, “and I dare say at this moment he is planning how to stay behind and cross over it instead of going back.”

"I don't mind," said my uncle, "if Campbell likes to take him across. We can pick them up again at **Athens**."

And so it was settled. They landed at Corinth, while my uncle and I turned back, and sailed round the Morea, past *Capes Matapan* and *Malea*, its south-western and south-eastern points, two grand rocky promontories, and so to the *Gulf of Egina*, dropping anchor in the **Piræus**, the port of Athens.

13. "Well, Johnny," was my first greeting, "have you cut a canal across the Isthmus of Corinth?"

"No," he replied, quite gravely, "but I hope they will do it soon. It is a shame to stop ships there. I like Corinth—it stands so finely on its high rocks between the two seas, with its citadel towering above it."

14. "And what do you think of Athens?"—

‘Athens, the eye of Greece,
Mother of arts and eloquence,’

added Mr. Campbell.

"I like it, but not so well as Corinth. I don't care much for its ruins, and I know nothing about 'arts and eloquence,' or about the great men and the wise men that Mr. Campbell talks to me about. Those pillars are pretty."

15. " *Pretty*, Johnny! Those are the pillars of the *Parthenon*, the most graceful in the world."

"Very likely," said Johnny, "but I like the Montenegrin mountains better! I'm quite ready



[THE PARTHENON—ATHENS.]

to go on. The only thing I cared to hear about was that island over there—*Salamis*, where the little Greek fleet defeated the Persians."

16. 'We sailed next day round *Cape Colonna*, and then northward through the narrow channel

that divides the island of **Negropont** from the mainland.

“ There,” said Mr. Campbell, “ is **Marathon**, another famous spot, where 10,000 Greeks defeated a vast Persian army. Look well at it, and listen (a Greek is supposed to be speaking) :—

‘ The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea ;
And, musing there an hour alone,
I dreamt that Greece might yet be free ;
For, standing on the Persians’ grave,
I could not deem myself a slave ! ’

And Greece *is* free, though Byron did not live to see it.

17. “ There, again, is **Thermopylæ**, the narrow pass which 300 Greeks held against the Persian army, till every man of them was slain.

“ One last look, leaping over 2,270 years from Thermopylæ to the present day. This is **Volo**, the seaport just handed over to Greece. The country round it is the last slice of ground set free from Turkish tyranny.”

18. ‘ And now we turned eastward, threading our way among the islands of the *Archipelago*, through the *Dardanelles*, into the Sea of *Marmora*. I have written my letter as we went on : I finish it as we are sailing up the *Golden Horn*, with the

minarets of *Constantinople* glittering in the sunshine. We are close to the quay, and I see your brother and M. Batthyani's party standing ready to receive us.'

XLIV. RUSSIA.

(i.)

1. ANOTHER letter from Edmond. You will be surprised to hear that it is dated from St. Petersburg. Some friends of mine have asked him to visit them there; and as Mr. Campbell intends to take the boys through Russia, on his way home, I have consented to his joining their party.

2. 'Constantinople, dear mother, is very beautiful to look at; the situation is magnificent, but it is a miserable place when you are in it! Narrow, dirty streets; savage half-wild dogs prowling about; lazy, insolent Turks; sharp, bustling Greeks and Armenians; and the frequent voices of the *muezzins* from the top of the mosques calling the people to prayer—this is nearly all I can tell you about it. I suppose it was very different when it was first built by the Emperor Constantine, and in the days when it shared with Rome the empire of the world. Now, we were all tired of it; and I was almost as

G. V.

N

pleased as Johnny when Captain Chapman carried us off through the *Bosphorus* into the Black Sea. My only regret was parting with my kind friends the Batthyanis, whose duties now called them home.

3. "Why is this sea called Black?" asked Charlie.

"Most likely on account of the dark fogs which often settle upon it," said Mr. Campbell; "but we are in good luck, as usual!" For the sky was cloudless, and the sea was bright, as we turned northward towards **Odessa**.

4. "You are going very slowly, captain," said Johnny, as we passed through the straits.

"True! my lad; and if you were trying to swim the way we are going, you would soon find out the reason why. There is a strong current flowing from the Black Sea into the Sea of Marmora. But now we are out of it, and we shall bowl along to your heart's content!"

'We soon reached *Odessa*, at the mouth of the Dniester, the chief commercial seaport of Russia on the south. We passed close to the mouth of the Danube, and could see for ourselves what a great *Delta* is really like.

5. 'While Captain Chapman was taking in his cargo of corn, we made a short trip up the *Dnieper* to **Kiev**, an important trading town in the corn-

growing plain of the *Ukraine*. On our return we found the captain ready to sail.

"Homeward bound, captain?" said Mr. Campbell.

"I ought to be," he replied, "but these foolish lads have made me promise to give them a peep at the Crimea. So, for one week longer, the 'Saucy Sally' is at your service."

6. 'We passed the Gulf of *Perckop*, and *Eupatoria*, where the French and English forces landed. *Sebastopol* frowned upon us as we swept by, its batteries once more looking proud defiance to any enemy. There was *Balaclava*, all still and quiet now. Before us was the grand chain of the *Caucasus*, where the snow-line was beginning to come lower and lower, telling of the approach of winter. Through the Straits of *Yenikale*, and the scenes of war were left behind us: we were in the dull waters of the Sea of *Azov*, and our voyage came to an end at the mouth of the *Don*.

7. "Good-bye! Chapman, and many thanks," said Mr. Campbell. "We shall hope to find you and the 'Saucy Sally' somewhere again!"

"Not the 'Saucy Sally!' This is my last voyage with her. I've made plenty of money, and I'm going to leave off trading. I shall sell her as soon as I get home."

8. "And leave the sea, uncle?" said Charlie.

"Perhaps not. I may buy a nice, trim yacht, and sail about for my pleasure."

"Well, then," said Mr. Campbell, "here's a plan for you. We shall spend the winter with some friends of mine at St. Petersburg. As soon as the Baltic is open, make your first trip in your yacht to pick us up, take us round the coast of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, and then carry this young gentleman to Havre, and land us at Southampton."

"Agreed," said the captain. "If all goes well, my new 'Saucy Sally' shall be the first ship to come up the Neva next spring."

(ii.)

9. 'FROM the mouth of the Don, we made our way across the *Steppes* to the shores of the *Caspian*. A dreary country in spite of the grand form of *Mount Elburz* looking down upon us from the distant south. We were heartily glad when we reached **Astrakhan**, situated on the *Volga*, about 50 miles from the sea.

10. 'We were so fortunate as to arrive in the middle of a fair. The town was full of Persians, and other turbaned Asiatics, showing off fine Cashmere shawls, coloured silks, rugs and carpets, jewels, fans, and other things. It looked as if we

had got out of the every-day life of Europe into some of the scenes of the Arabian Nights; and I half expected, every moment, to see some of Aladdin's magicians.

11. 'We soon exchanged this glimpse of Eastern manners for a very different scene—the country between the Don and the Volga, inhabited by our old enemies, the dreaded *Cossacks* of the Don. Fierce, warlike fellows they are still, wrapped in furs, with long lance and carbine, and a variety of other weapons; but we found them very kind, and Johnny was delighted with them.

12. 'We should have liked to follow the course of the Volga, the whole way to Moscow. Indeed, Charlie, who had been reading Captain Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva," was longing to turn away eastward and see Russia in Asia, and Tartary, or at least to trace some of the tributaries to their sources in the Ural Mountains.

13. "No! no!" said Mr. Campbell; "I've brought Johnny safe away from bears and brigands. I'm not going to give him a chance of falling in with Russian wolves. Besides, I want to show him the watershed between the Volga and the Don."

"Well, then," pleaded Charlie, "at least let us go and see the mouth of the *Ural* river. See! here it is on the map, close to us! And then we

can take one step on the other side of it and say we have been in Asia."

"Not this time, Charlie. We start at once by train for *Moscow*."

14. "And where's the watershed?" asked Johnny, looking out at the flat open country.

"Here!" said Mr. Campbell. "Don't you see streams running eastward to the Volga, and westward to the Don?"

"This a watershed!" answered Johnny. "Why, our old ridge was better than this! There is no hill."

"True! but, low as this rising ground is, it is enough to turn the water-courses each way. There are hardly any real hills in Russia, and that is why the rivers wind about so much. There is no fall for them in a straight course. But what are you laughing at, Charlie?"

15. "At Captain Burnaby's account of the way he wrapped himself up for his winter's journey. He must have been a funny figure, with 'long thick stockings, fur-lined shoes, leather goloshes, and enormous cloth boots, reaching up to the thigh;' with 'a heavy flannel shirt, a thick wadded waistcoat and coat, and a great fur pelisse to cover all! And then, on his head, a fur cap and a queer-looking cloth covering over it!'"

“And yet, I think, Charlie, he found, with all his wrapping up, that the cold was almost too much for him.”

16. “Yes! and yet I should have liked to be with him, on that ‘bright and glorious morning,’ when he was driven ‘on what appeared to be a broad high road,’ but turned out to be the frozen surface of the Volga! Hear what he says:—

“‘It was an animated spectacle, this foreign highway, thronged with peasants who strode beside their sledges, which were bringing cotton and other goods from **Orenburg** to the railway. Now a smart *troika* would dash by us, its driver shouting as he passed, our Jehu vainly striving to overtake his brother coachman. Old and young alike seemed like men of eighty; their short thick beards and moustaches being white as hoar-frost from the congealed breath. The river had not been long frozen, and till very recently steamers laden with corn from Southern Russia had plied between **Sizeran** and **Samara**. An iron bridge was being constructed a little further down the Volga. Here the railroad was to pass, and it was said that in two years’ time there would be railway communication, not only between Samara and the capital, but even as far as Orenburg. Presently the scenery became very picturesque as we raced over the

glistening surface, which flashed like a burnished cuirass beneath the rays of the rising sun. Now we approach a spot where seemingly the waters, from some violent blast or other, had been in a state of foam and commotion, when a stern frost transformed them into a solid mass. Pillars and blocks of the shiþing and hardened element were seen modelled into a thousand quaint and grotesque patterns. Further on we came to what might have been a Roman temple or vast hall in the palace of a Cæsar ; where many half-hidden pillars and monuments erected their tapering summits above the piles of the *débris*. All this was the work of the wind. The aspect of the country now underwent a sudden change. We had left traces of civilisation behind us, and were regularly upon the Steppes. Not the Steppes as they are described to us in the summer months. Then hundreds of wandering tribes, like their forefathers of old, migrate from place to place with their families, flocks, and herds. The dreary aspect of this vast flat expanse is relieved by picturesque tents, and hundreds of horses are found grazing on the rich grass. Now everywhere was a dazzling, glaring sheet of white, as seen under the midday sun ; then, gradually softening down, it faded into a vast colourless ocean, shrouded in some places

from the view by clouds of mist and vapour, which rose in the evening air and shaded the wilderness around.'"¹

17. "Time to stop reading! Charlie," said Johnny; "the mist and vapour are shrouding your view!"

'For the sun had set, and we were nearly in darkness. We went to sleep, and saw little more that is worth telling you till we arrived at Moscow.'

XLV. THE FROZEN NORTH.

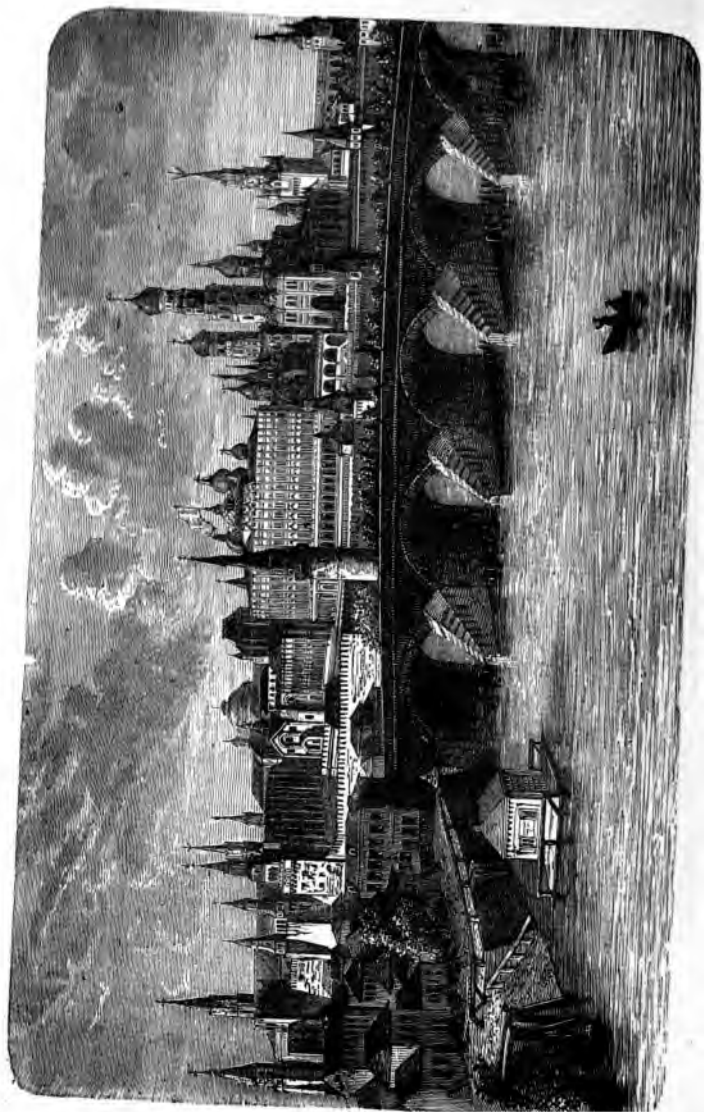
(i.)

1. WE have had a great many letters from Edmond describing what he and his friends had seen in Northern Russia. The most amusing part of these is some extracts from Johnny's note-book, which he happened to find lying about. Here are a few of them :—

2. 'Moscow! a fine old town, with crooked streets. I like the great palace, *Kremlin*. What a grand sight it must have been to see it all burning! Only, to be sure, as Edmond says, the poor French soldiers had to find their way home through the snow.

3. 'I have been wondering what **Nizni-Novgorod**

¹ Burnaby's *Ride to Khiva*.



is that I hear them all talking about. I have just found out. It is a little place some miles to the east of this; and there is a great fair held there. I wanted to go and see it, but it is too late for this year. I wish we had come sooner. They say we should have seen half a million of people there—how much is half a million, I wonder?—who came from all parts to buy and sell tea, cotton, jewels, iron, copper, and all sorts of things.'

4. 'We have got to St. Petersburg. I was glad to come, for I always like a change. And it is such fun here, driving about in sledges over the snow and the frozen river, wrapped up in furs, like old men. I have had a lot of tumbles, and I looked like a white bear. We are to stay here all winter, and I am to learn French and Russian, and to get up the geography and history of these parts. I know all about Peter the Great, and, I think, the names of all the rivers already. Let me see! Here's the *Neva*, flowing into the Baltic, and there's another with a hard name which I can't remember; but I saw it one day, when we went to see the *Lake of Ladoga*. Not a pretty lake! But I was glad to see such a large sheet of ice. And then there's *Lake Onega*, further north; and the river *Onega*, and the northern *Dwina*, running into the White Sea; and far, far away, the *Petchora*.

Mr. Campbell promises to take us some day to see Archangel.'

5. 'Winter is over! Some of the ice is melting. We have been to see Archangel. Everything still frozen there—rivers, lakes, sea! All the ships are fast in the ice, and there they must stay, they say, till June or July. I liked the feeling of looking straight towards the North Pole, with nothing but ice between me and it! But I should not like to live in Archangel.'

6. 'We were in north latitude 65°, Charlie says very near to the *Arctic Circle*! I wanted to skate over the ice, to cross it, but they wouldn't let me. The days were very short at Archangel. Charlie teased me about the reason why, and about the "Crab and the Goat and the Bear." I told him it was too cold to talk much, and my furs were so heavy that I couldn't think. I wish I could have seen the *Polar* bear.'

7. 'The ice in the Neva is melting fast. Captains are getting their ships ready. We are packing up and saying good-bye to all our friends. I talk to them in Russian, and they know what I mean. Only Charlie will laugh at me. Hurrah! the "Saucy Sally" is coming up the Neva. We shall be off to-morrow.'

8. 'No! not yet! We all ran down to the

quay to meet the captain. But his first words were:—

“Here I am, true to my word! It has been hard work to get here, and we can’t sail yet awhile. There’s too much ice still in the Baltic.”

‘So we must wait, perhaps a month longer. I’m very sorry; but the captain says he’ll take us short trips, to see **Cronstadt**, and the *Gulf of Finland*, and the Gulf of **Riga**, and perhaps we may go as far as **Memel**.’

(ii.)

9. Edmond, once more, takes up the story.

‘At last Captain Chapman has given the word to start.

‘We wanted to sail up the *Gulf of Bothnia*, and see something of *Lapland*. But both he and Mr. Campbell said we must make haste to get to the coast of Norway. So we went straight across the *Baltic Sea* to **Stockholm**, the capital of *Sweden*. It is on the coast, but, unlike most seaport towns, at the mouth of a lake—*Lake Maelar*—not a river.

10. “There, Johnny,” said Mr. Campbell, “is a country you would like. Away to the westward is a grand watershed—the *Koelen* or *Scandinavian Chain*—and all along the Swedish coast are the mouths of good-sized rivers flowing into the Baltic Sea.”

“I’ll come again some day,” said Johnny, “and sail up the Gulf of Bothnia, and get through to the Arctic Ocean.”

11. “You must cut another canal, then,” answered Charlie, laughing. “This is a *peninsula*, like the Morea, not an island.”

“Oh! Sweden is a peninsula,” said Johnny, slowly, to himself.

“Wrong again! It is not Sweden by itself, but Sweden and Norway together, which make up the peninsula of *Scandinavia*.”

12. ‘All this time we were sailing swiftly southward, past the islands of **Gothland** and **Oland**; and soon we came in sight of the coast of *Denmark*.

“There,” said Captain Chapman, pointing southward, “is the mouth of the *Oder*. Right before us lies **Holstein**, now part of Germany. To the northwest stretches the peninsula of **Jutland**; and here, as we turn northward, are the islands of **Funen** and **Zealand**, divided from each other, and from the mainland, by the three straits, the *Great Belt*, the *Little Belt*, and the *Sound*.”

13. ‘We ran through the Sound without stopping, but taking a good look at **Copenhagen**, the sea-girt capital of Denmark, and **Elsinore**, the fortified post at the northern entrance. Johnny tried to repeat the lines of the poet Campbell on

"Nelson and the North," but broke down half-way.

14. "Was this," asked Charlic, "the country of those terrible Danes, who gave King Alfred so much trouble?"

"This, and Norway and Sweden," said Mr. Campbell. "They were all *Norsemen*. Some of them, you know," turning to me, "settled in your *Normandy*, and afterwards came over and conquered England."

15. 'We had now gone through the *Cattegat* and *Skaggerak*, and were at the mouth of the *Fiord of Christiania*, on which stands the town of the same name, the capital of *Norway*.

"Another capital?" said Charlie.

"Yes; Sweden and Norway, like Austria and Hungary, are two countries under one king. The Norwegians at first did not much like being joined to Sweden. They are very different people. I like the Norwegians best. They are a simple, hearty race. Johnny would be delighted with them. They would much rather have been joined to Denmark, as they used to be. But they have their own parliament, and their own laws, and I think they are contented now."

16. '*Christiania* itself is a commonplace town, but the *Fiord* is lovely. Here we parted for a day

of the day, Mr. Campbell
of the mountain and
went round the coast

of the W. were a
series of hills, w
of the coast, a lo
of the higher, ov

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

of the view

or two ; Mr. Campbell and I wishing to see a little of the mountain country, while Charlie and Johnny went round the coast with the captain.

17. 'We were well rewarded for a toilsome journey. First, we had some rich woodland scenery ; then, a lovely lake ; and then, as we mounted higher, over the passes of the *Dovrefeld*, some mountain views, not unworthy of Switzerland. Then, at last, came the steep descent to the *Sogne Fiord*—a deep inlet crowded with beauty—and there, at its mouth, rode the "Saucy Sally" ready to receive us.

18. "Which of us have seen the most?" shouted Johnny from the deck, and then went on to tell of the points and fiords they had passed, especially the *Hardanger Fiord*, with a grand waterfall.

"And we have seen **Bergen**, the old capital," he added, "a quaint old town, far nicer than **Christiania**. But make haste and come on board. I want to be off to see the midnight sun."

19. 'Off we went along the coast of **Norway**, with a belt of islands screening us from **Atlantic** waves, and the endless variety of fiords on our right, with mountain-streams, famous for salmon-fishing, rushing headlong into the sea. Past **Trondhjem**, the *ancient* capital of Norway ; the nights growing shorter and shorter, as we went



[A NORWEGIAN LAKE OR FIORD.]

G. V.

O

northward ; till, to Johnny's delight, we crossed the *Arctic Circle*, and saw the midnight sun at last.

“How funny,” said Johnny, “to go to bed by daylight! I feel as if I were a very small boy again.”

20. ‘I must post this letter at a little place called *Bodo*; and most likely it will be my last. For there is no post-office at the *North Cape*, and when we turn we shall keep to the open sea, and steer for the Straits of Dover. We shall meet, I hope, very soon after you receive it.’

21. So here ends Edmond's last letter. Do you ask, ‘Where shall you meet?’ In Paris, my young friends. Gustave and I hope to see you there in a day or two, and Edmond will not be long after us. How we shall enjoy going over again with you the pleasant scenes of our travels!

XLVI. JOHNNY'S LAST NOTES.

I. ‘HALLOA! what has become of the sun? He ought not to be setting. Oh! Charlie says he is only hidden behind those hilly islands, the *Lofoden*, he calls them. I wish they were out of the way; but they are very grand to look at.

‘We have got the midnight sun again. We

have passed *Tromsø*, and seen those funny little fellows, the *Lapps*; in a day or two we shall be at the *North Cape*.

2. 'We have stood on the North Cape, and looked out towards the Pole from the most northerly point of Europe. We saw a herd of reindeer on the top, and a whole family of *Lapps* in their hut as we came down. And now we are sailing due south, between Norway and the Shetland Islands. How I wish my travels were beginning instead of coming to an end!

3. 'Oh! dear! how fast the time goes! I wish the "Saucy Sally" were not quite so swift! We have landed Edmond at Havre—I was very sorry to part with him—and we are crossing to Southampton. I wonder whether I have grown much since I left home!'

4. 'Yes, Johnny,' said Mr. Campbell, looking over his shoulder. 'You are a couple of inches taller and a good many degrees wiser. You are like the old Greek hero, of whom a namesake of the captain's writes:—

"That many a way
Wound with his wisdom to his wished-for stay;
The cities of a world of nations
With all their manners, minds, and fashions,
He saw and knew."¹

¹ Chapman's *Odyssey*.

You can tell your friends that there's nothing like seeing people of many nations to knock vanity and nonsense out of you, and make you feel that all are members of one great family.'

5. 'True, my friend,' added Captain Chapman; 'I've learnt that! I have friends all over the world. I've helped and been helped by them all. I'm proud to be an Englishman; but, as your poet says,

"A MAN'S a man for a' that!"

And yet,' he added smiling, as they swept into Southampton Water, 'it is pleasant to come back! For, after all,

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

SECTION II.

I. LATITUDE.

1. 'WELCOME home! Johnny, after your wanderings. It does us all good to see your face, and Charlie's, on the old spot once more. We have kept all your letters, and we have lots of questions to ask you about each of the places you have seen. Here is one of them, when you were on your way from Malaga to Naples. You have dated it Lat. 40° N. Long. 5° E.'

2. 'Ah! Charlie made me put that in. I didn't know what it meant.'

'No!' says Charlie, laughing, 'because whenever Mr. Campbell or my uncle began to explain these things to us, you scampered off up the rigging to the top of the mast.'

'Yes!' replies Johnny, quite gravely; 'I had no time for anything so dry. I was learning *seamanship* while I was on board. There is plenty of time now to think of the hard words.'

3. 'Very good! Then let us begin at once, and take *Latitude* first. Can any of you tell me what that word means?'

‘I think,’ says Green, ‘I have seen in a book we have at home, that it means *breadth* ; but I never thought much about it.’

‘Yes, that is the meaning ; and **Lines of Latitude** are lines drawn on a Map or Globe to help us to measure the *breadth* of any part of the earth’s surface.

4. ‘Now, let us forget the hard word for a little while. I have here two pieces of tape, one white and the other red. I put one end of the white tape at the top of the globe. One of you come and hold your finger tight on this end, while I carry the tape round the bottom and the other side, till I bring the other end to the top again. Loose your hold ! This white piece shows us how far it is round the globe, the way we have taken it, from top to bottom, and back again on the other side to the top.

5. ‘Now take the red tape, and put one end of it here, just half-way between the top and bottom.’

‘Why, that’s on the Equator,’ shouts Johnny.

‘True, Johnny. It is a line drawn round the Earth, just midway between the top and the bottom. Keep one end here, and carry the tape along the Equator, till the other end comes round

to the same point. Lay the two pieces side by side, and see which is the longer.'

'They are exactly the same,' says Green.

6. 'Yes, because the Globe is exactly round; but the Earth, you know, is not quite round, but flattened a little at the top and bottom, which we call **the Poles**. So we find that the line round the Equator—our *red-tape* line—is really a little, a *very little*, longer than that round the Poles. Which way, then, would you measure the *length*, and which way the *breadth*?'

'Oh! from top to bottom, of course, must be the length,' cries Johnny.

7. 'Wrong again! Which did we say was the longer of the two lines?'

'Oh! the red-tape.'

'Yes! let us mark that, by cutting off a very little bit from the white. Now, it is a little shorter than the other, and will help you to remember that *the line round the Equator is a little longer than the line round the Poles*. So *length* must be round the Equator, and *breadth* from Pole to Pole, or from the Equator to each Pole.'

'So, *lines of latitude are circles going round the Earth from east to west, to show how far each place is from the Equator, or from the Poles.*'

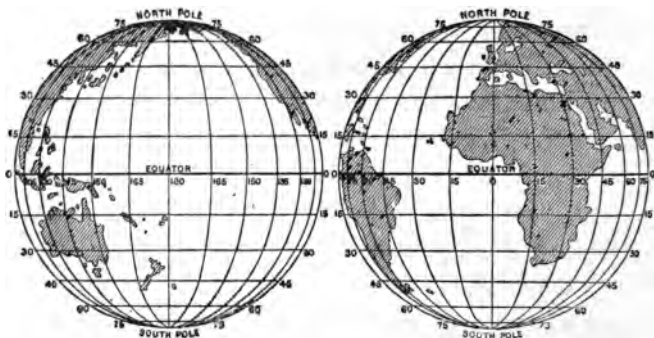
8. 'Are they all of the same size?'

'No! as you may easily see, without measuring. Look, and tell me which is the largest?'

'Johnny's old friend, the Equator.'

'And the others?'

'They get smaller and smaller as they get nearer the Poles.'



[PARALLELS AND MERIDIANS.]

'Then I think you may easily guess where we measure from, to get the latitude of any place.'

'I see without guessing,' cries Johnny; 'the Equator is marked with a round 0, and the next line to it on each side is 15, and then come 30 and 45 and 60. So I *know* that you measure from the Equator.'

9. 'Has all this been very dry, Johnny?'

‘No! I like it now, because I’m thinking all the time about the “Saucy Sally,” and the jolly times we had on board. I should hate the old degrees, if they were only something out of a book; but when I think of the ship, I seem to hear Captain Chapman’s cheery voice, and all the fun comes back.’

II. DEGREES OF A CIRCLE.

1. ‘Now for *longitude*,’ cries Johnny.

‘Not quite yet! we have first to see how we measure distances on circles. Here is our piece of white tape, which just goes round the globe through the Poles. See, I have made a great many slits in it, so as to divide it into a number of little bits. Count how many there are.’

‘I make it 360,’ says Green.

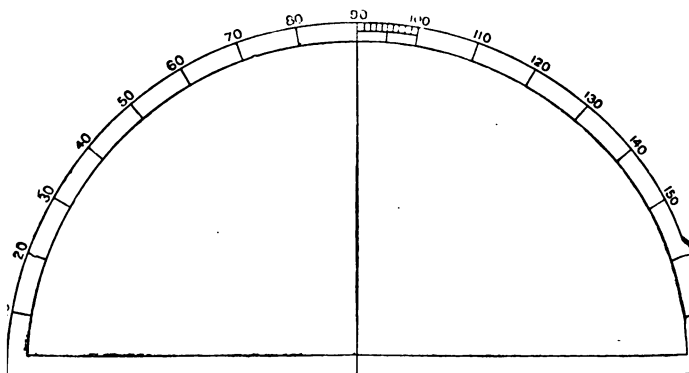
2. ‘Right. The tape, which is a circle when we stretch it round the globe, is divided into 360 equal parts. How many parts will there be in this bit of it, from the Equator to the North Pole?’

‘Why, that is a quarter of it,’ says Green, ‘so there must be ——’

‘Fours in 36 go *nine* times, fours in *nought* no times,’ shouts Johnny; ‘there are just 90.’

‘Yes, in this bit of tape, or in any quarter of a circle, there are ninety equal parts. These parts are called *degrees*, and *every* circle is measured by degrees: 360 for a whole circle, 180 for a half, and 90 for a quarter.’

3. ‘Then the “Saucy Sally,” says Green, ‘was



[SEMICIRCLE DIVIDED INTO DEGREES.]

40 degrees north of the Equator on the day when Johnny wrote his letter.’

‘Yes. That is what we mean when we say that it was *in 40 degrees of north latitude*. So, if we place the tape again on the globe, one end on the Equator, and count forty of these slits in the direction of the North Pole, we know that we have *got the distance* of the ship from the Equator.

You see that it brings us exactly to this line or circle, which is marked 40° , and which runs round the Globe from east to west, like the Equator, keeping always at the same distance from it.'

4. 'What is the meaning of this little $^{\circ}$ at the top of 40 ?' asks Green.

'That is the way in which degrees are marked: 40° means 40 degrees, and 40° N. means 40 degrees north of the Equator.'

5. 'There are two other hard words,' cries Johnny, 'in the little map that you have drawn—*Parallels* and *Meridians*. What do they mean?'

'What are *Parallels*, Charlie? I believe you know all about it.'

'Parallel lines,' says Charlie, 'are lines which always keep at the same distance from each other.'

'Yes! So the lines of Latitude are *Parallels*, because they always keep at the same distance from the Equator.'

Charlie and Johnny crossed this 40th line four times at different points; and at each point there were exactly 40 degrees between them and the Equator.

III. LONGITUDE.



I. 'HALLO, Green and Charlie!' shouts Johnny, 'what are you doing with that great black-board and easel?'

'Wait a moment, and you shall see. Now, then, there it is! That is our morning's work.'

'A circle! a circle!'

'Yes! and a very good circle, with two lines drawn through the middle, or *centre*, to divide it into four quarters. This circle is like one side of the globe, if you suppose it squeezed flat. And there, Johnny, are the degrees neatly marked with red chalk, and two great O's at each end of the line running across the circle, which stands for your friend the Equator.'

2. 'Ah! I see. But what is this cross-line in blue?'

'Don't you know, Johnny? We thought you would be looking for that. That is your *parallel*

of *latitude*— 40° from the Equator ; and here is the piece of blue chalk, ready to put in the **Longitude** as soon as we have found it out.'

3. 'Come, then, let us set to work at once, and find it. Here is the globe. You know that the lines of longitude are those which run up and down the globe, from North to South. Can you see any difference between them and the parallels of latitude? Trace any two of them, lying near each other.

'Oh, yes!—I see. They all pass through the North and South Pole ; not like the lines of latitude, which never meet.'

4. 'I like longitude best,' says Johnny ; 'they are fond of each other, and run home to the Poles to see each other. The latitude-lines are like Dick and me when we have quarrelled, and go along the road, one on one side and the other on the other, and never cross over !'

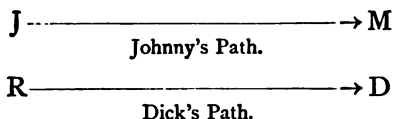
5. 'Are these lines called *parallels* of longitude?' asks Green.

'Look at them again, and you may answer your own question. What are *parallel* lines?'

'Oh! lines that keep always at the same distance from each other.'

6. 'Yes! like Johnny's path on one side of the road, and Dick Dawson's on the other. See, here

are two lines in a corner of the black-board. I put J at one end of one, and M at the other—that is Johnny's path. And here are R and D for Dick's path. (I must call him Richard for once, to give me a change of letters!) You see from end to end, or as far as you like to draw them, they are about half an inch apart. These are *parallel lines*:



7. Now look at the lines of longitude. Let us measure the distance between two of them. At the Equator, you see, it is rather more than an inch: on the 40th parallel of latitude, it is exactly an inch, and it gets less and less as we go northwards, till it is nothing at all at the North Pole. So it is quite plain that we cannot call them *parallels*.

8. 'What *are* they called? Or are they only *lines*?' .

'There is a name for them, and you have seen it; but I will not tell you at present what it is. It will be better first to learn a little about them, and then you will see the meaning of the name. To-day we want to find out exactly where the ship was when Johnny wrote. We know that he was

on the 40th parallel of latitude ; and we guessed, from what he said about the voyage, that it must have been very near the island of Minorca. Now, we want to make quite sure of it by measuring his *longitude*.'

IV. LONGITUDE (*continued*).

1. IS longitude measured by *degrees*, like *latitude*?' asks Green.

'Yes! these lines are circles, as you may see by tracing one of them on the globe. See, it passes through the North Pole, then round on the other side to the South Pole, and comes back to the point it started from on the Equator.'

'Then our piece of white tape was really a line of longitude!'

2. 'So it was! It was a circle passing through the Poles. And every circle, like yours on the black-board, is divided into 360 degrees. So now, we have only to look to Johnny's letter again, and see what he says about the degree of longitude he was in when he wrote. What was it, Johnny?'

'5° East longitude!'

3. 'Very well. Look for it on the globe, and we will mark the place on Green's circle.

'Or I have something here that will do better.

This is a map of the Mediterranean Sea, on a larger black-board. Find the place for yourselves.'

'I can do that,' cries Johnny. 'Here is the 40th *parallel* marked in blue, here is where 85° meets it, and there is S. S. for "Saucy Sally!"'

4. 'Yes!' says Green, looking thoughtfully at the globe; 'but there is still one thing that I don't understand. You mark 10° and 20° and 30° of longitude; but where are they measured from? I see a line marked 0; but it is no longer than the others. Why should we measure from it, more than from any other?'

5. 'Any other would do as well, Green, since all these lines are of the same length. But we must choose one; and we in England choose the line which passes through *Greenwich*, a little to the east of London. Some day I will tell you why this is chosen; for the present, you may be content to know that *Longitude is measured East and West from Greenwich*.'

'Then the ship was 5° east of Greenwich?'

'Yes! Have you any more questions?'

6. 'One more! Are degrees of longitude as long as those of latitude?'

'Try to answer that question for yourself. You know quite enough about these lines to find out the proper answer.'

7. 'I think I can answer it now. Degrees of latitude must be all of the same length ; because the *parallels* keep everywhere at the same distance from each other ; but the lines of longitude are always coming nearer and nearer to each other, as you go towards the Poles ; so the degrees must be getting smaller and smaller.'

8. 'Right, Green. Or you might put it this way : All these lines are circles ; and every circle is divided into 360 degrees. Look at these two circles which I have drawn on the black-board : we will call them A and B. You see that A is much larger than B ; but it has the same number of degrees ; so, of course, each of its degrees must be longer.

9. 'The 20th parallel is a smaller circle than the Equator, and the 30th is smaller than the 20th. So we know that *degrees of longitude are longest on the Equator, and get shorter and shorter as they get nearer to the Poles.*'

V. THE SUN'S DAILY PATH.

1. 'Now let us take up a letter of Charlie's written rather later, and dated Lat. 40° N., Long. 30° E., when they were nearly at the Dardanelles.

G. V.

P

'Here is a curious thing, which I have forgotten to mention in my former letters. Each day my uncle came up from his cabin, and fixed a curious instrument on the upper deck, and worked it up and down for a little while. I watched him, and saw that he kept it facing towards the sun ; and at last he called out, "*Make it 12 o'clock!*" Very funny, wasn't it?

2. 'But the most curious thing was, that the first time I attended to it, just when Johnny sent off his letter, it wanted twenty minutes to twelve! For I looked at my watch—the new one that my uncle himself gave me, just before I sailed—and then I ran and looked at his "*chronometer,*" as he calls it ; and both of them pointed to twenty minutes to 12!

3. 'I said to my friend, Tom Taylor, "How can he *make* it 12, when it is not 12?" But Tom only laughed, and said, "Captains can do anything." And, when I asked my uncle about it at dinner-time, all he would say was, "Find it out, my lad, for yourself: what you find out will do you a great deal more good than what you are told!"

'So I don't quite understand it yet: only I know it has something to do with longitude. The next day it was earlier when he *made it 12 o'clock*, and the day after that a little earlier still, and to-day it was only 10. What could it all mean?'

4. 'Let us try if we can make it out. What do we mean when we say it is 12 o'clock, or noon? Think of our old talk on the ridge about the points of the compass.'

'Oh! I remember. We looked at the sun, and just at 12 o'clock we said he was in the south.'

5. 'Yes! but suppose we had had no watch. How should we have found out the moment when he was in the south? When you looked towards the sun at noon, how had you to turn your eyes?'

'Almost straight up,' cries Johnny; 'I remember my neck was stiff with bending my head back.'

6. 'Early in the morning, how should you look to see the sun?'

'Low down! He seems to have been in bed under the ground, and peeps up all at once with a shining face, to go to his day's work.'

7. 'Yes! that is what we call *sunrise*; and from sunrise to noon he is mounting higher and higher, and all the afternoon sinking lower and lower, till at *sunset* he goes to bed, as Johnny says, and we lose sight of him again.

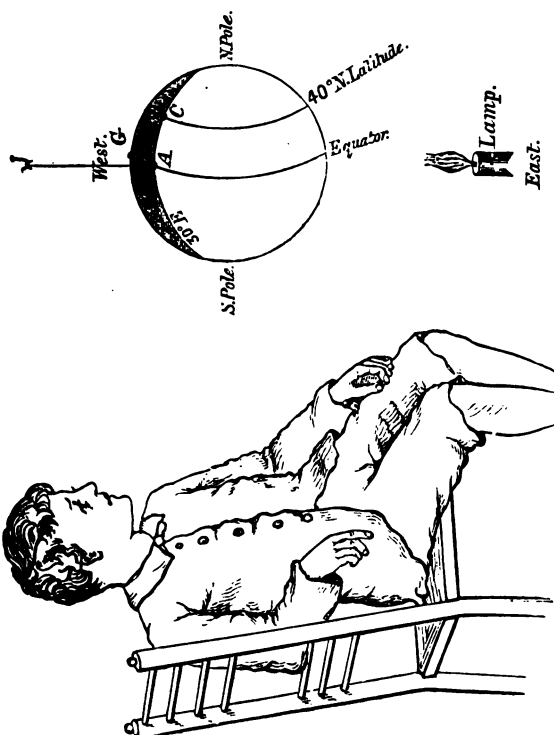
'So, if we can make sure of the moment when he is highest in the sky, we know that at that moment it is noon.'

8. 'Then,' says Green, 'I suppose Charlie's uncle was using his instrument to find out that moment and when he shouted out, "*Make it 12 o'clock*," the sun had just got to his highest point. But still I don't see why he needed to do that every day, if he had a good watch, or his grand *chronometer*.'

9. 'Ah! that is just what we are going to find out. Here is Johnny's old *sphere*,¹ which he left behind him. Tie this piece of tape tightly round the middle of it, mark G on it here, where the line of longitude passing through Greenwich meets the equator, loop this string to the tape at a point 30° east of G, which we will call A, and hang the football by the string to this little hook. You may suppose it to be the earth floating in the air. The piece of tape is the equator. Only, you observe, the ball does not hang as the globe is usually fixed. The poles are not at the top and bottom, but at the sides; and A is at the highest point. I mark C here, for Charlie's place, when he wrote his letter, and I suppose it to be the 22nd of September, when the sun rises exactly in the east.'

10. 'Now, Green, shut the shutters, while I light the little lamp, that we may have no light, except what the lamp gives. We suppose it to be the sun. Stand opposite to the south pole, and watch.

¹ See *Geography Reading Books*, Part II.



Teachers will, no doubt, observe that, the ball being suspended at A, it would not be possible for an observer looking at it from the east to see the meridian of Greenwich. In the actual experiment no difficulty will arise. Johnny sees G, though the teacher holding the lamp cannot.

'See! I put the lamp, first, exactly *below* the foot-ball. How does C look?'

'Quite dark.'

'Yes! it is night-time there.

11. 'I bring our sun slowly round, keeping it opposite to the equator. Watch the light, and say what you observe. How does C look now?'

12. 'The light has just begun to shine upon it: all the time you were moving the lamp, the light seemed to creep on slowly over the dark shadow, and now it is light all over the right-hand part of the globe to the east of C.'

13. 'And to the left hand, or west of it?'

'It is still dark.'

'Then, what time of day is it now at C?'

'It must be sunrise; for the people there have just begun to see the sun.'

14. 'Now I raise it still higher, keeping it at the same distance from the globe. You see how the light spreads to the left or west of C, reaching G some time after it came to C.

'I carry it on, till it is over A and exactly to the south of C. What o'clock would Charlie's uncle call it?'

'*Make it 12 o'clock!*' shouts Johnny.

15. 'Twelve o'clock it is, Captain! But what is *it now* for people at Greenwich?'

'It must be some time in the forenoon,' says Green; 'for the sun is a little to the east of them.'

16. 'So, if your famous watch, Charlie, was right by Greenwich time, it would seem to be too slow by the sun; because it would not show 12 till the sun was over Greenwich, and he passes Greenwich some time after he passes C.'

'And at a place still farther west,' says Green, 'the hour would be still later.'

17. 'Yes! *As the sun seems to move from east to west, sunrise and noon are later, as you travel westward.*'

'Next time, Johnny, we shall see how fast he goes; and perhaps we shall find out that he does not travel at all!'

VI. NOON.

1. 'SHALL I shut the shutters again, and light the lamp?' asks Green. 'We are all in a hurry to know how fast the sun travels, and we are puzzled by what you said, just as we were going, about his not travelling at all.'

2. 'We will suppose, for a little longer, that he does travel, and try to find out at what pace he goes.'

'How far has he to go in a day?'

3. 'He must go right round the earth,' says Green; 'for he is always back again in the east, in time for day-break.'

'Then he travels in a circle. How many degrees did we say there were in every circle?'



'Let me see,' says Green; 'I have it in my note-book. *In every circle there are 360 degrees.*'

4. 'Then, in 24 hours he goes through 360 degrees: how far does he go in one hour, Johnny?'

Johnny is puzzled, but works it out with chalk on the black-board, and soon gives the answer—15.

5. 'Yes! 15 degrees every hour. Then, if C had been exactly 15° of longitude east of Greenwich, noon at C would have been exactly an hour earlier than 12 o'clock by Charlie's watch.'

'But it is 30° east. So it must be earlier still. Can you tell how much earlier, Green?'

'It must be another hour earlier, because 30 is twice 15, which makes it two hours altogether, just as Charlie said.'

6. 'Yes! When the sun showed noon at 15° E., it was eleven o'clock at Greenwich; when it was noon at C, Greenwich clocks, and watches set to Greenwich time, pointed to ten.'

'You see, then, that *noon depends on longitude, and for every 15° of east longitude, noon is an hour earlier. In the same way, for every 15° of west longitude, noon is an hour later.*'

7. 'But suppose,' says Green, 'Charlie had been farther north, or farther south, but still on the same line of longitude, would his noon have come at the same time as at C?'

8. 'Yes! Look again at the *sphere*. Here is A, and here is the line of longitude passing through C to the Poles. When our sun was high up in the sky, and exactly over A, it was exactly to the south of every place on that line in the Northern Hemisphere; and all these places be-

tween A and the North or South Pole have their noon at the same time.'

9. 'So at last I can give you the proper name for these lines. They are called *meridians*, as you see at the foot of the map,¹ which means *mid-day* lines; and, if you remember the meaning of this word, you will remember also what I have been telling you about noon, and the daily journey of the light round the earth.'

10. 'And does the time of sunrise and sunset depend on longitude?' asks Green.

'Yes. The light falls on each place in turn, travelling from east to west, and leaves each place sooner, the farther it is to the east. But the *exact* time of sunrise and sunset depends on some other things, which I cannot explain to you to-day.'

11. 'Did I tell you the length of a degree of longitude?'

'No,' says Green; 'all we know about it is, that it is longest at the equator, and gets shorter and shorter as we get nearer the poles.'

12. 'Let us take it at the equator, where a degree measures about $69\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Multiply that by 360, and you will have the number of miles round the earth at the widest part. Take the chalk, and work the sum. What is the answer?'

¹ See p. 216.

'Twenty-five thousand and twenty,' says Green.

13. 'Then the light travels every day 25,020 miles. The sun himself, if he travels at all, goes a much longer journey.'

VII. THE EARTH'S DAILY MOTION.



2. 'Why, sir, father says the sun does not move at all!'

'Your father is quite right. For it is really he, and you, and all of us, that are travelling the 25,000 miles, while the sun keeps still!'

'But,' says Johnny, 'I *see* the sun move, and I must believe my eyes!'

3. 'Johnny! remember the fly¹! Did you ever travel in a railway carriage in a fast train?'

'Yes! I went to London once with my father,

¹ See *Geography Reading Books*, Part II.

and some of the trains in France were fast. It was so jolly to look out, and see the houses and the trees and the telegraph posts flying past ! I was quite sorry when the train stopped.'

4. 'Oh ! the houses flew past, did they ? That must have seemed rather strange to the people in them !'

'I don't mean that they really flew ; but, as we went by in the train, it looked as if they were going the other way.'

'And did you not believe your eyes ?'

Johnny blushes, and looks caught, and for once has nothing to say.

5. 'Your eyes, Johnny, are very useful little things ; but they do not *always* tell you true. They told you that the houses were flying past you ; but you knew all the time that the houses were standing still, and only *looked* as if they were moving, because you were moving the other way. So, you see, your eyes are sometimes wrong, and they may be mistaken, when they tell you about the sun's daily journey.

6. 'Still, you need not be ashamed. What you said just now is what all the wise men in the world used to say. It was a long time before it was found out that the sun does not move ; and, when it was found out, most people could not think it

true, and still went on saying "*we must believe our eyes.*"'

VIII. THE EARTH'S DAILY MOTION

(continued).

1. 'THINK for a moment. If the sun moves round the earth, all the stars move with him ; for they all come back to the same places, night after night, though you cannot watch them, as you watch the sun. But the sun is much larger than the earth, and many of the stars are larger than the sun. Is it likely, do you think, that this little ball, our earth, should keep still, while all these great bodies move round it? And, besides, they are so far off that they would have an immense journey every day—millions and millions of miles !

2. 'Why, it would be as if you wanted to see the Queen and all the great people in London, and you stayed at home, and they came with all their horses and carriages, and drove round and round your house for you to look at them !'

'I should like that very much !' says Johnny.

3. 'Yes ! but you would hardly get them to do it ! I think they would say, "Little Johnny must come to us, if he wants to see us ; we can't come to Johnny !"

‘So we can hardly think that this little earth can have all these grand heavenly bodies to wait upon her ; there must be some other way for her to get their light. When you are older, you will come to see that it is really *impossible* that the great sun and the stars should move round the earth, which is so much smaller.’

4. ‘But I *see* the sun rise every morning, at least if I am awake ; and I *see* him mount up in the sky and go down again at night.’

‘Believing your eyes, again ! Let us try if we cannot find out how it is that they do not tell you truly what is going on.

5. ‘Darken the room again, Green. I take this large lamp, and put it on the table, so that the light falls on the globe. I place the globe so that C is exactly on the other side, and all in darkness, just as it was the other day.

‘Now, instead of moving the lamp from east to west, as I did before, I turn the globe slowly round *from west to east*. Watch it, Green. How does the light travel ?’

6. ‘It creeps on, just as it did the last time. Now it has reached C, and the place that had the full light at first is just losing it. Now it falls on C’s *meridian*, a little to the south of C ; it has passed it—it begins to slant towards it from the  it is out of sight ; C is dark again !’

7. 'Yes! and all the time the people there do not know that they are moving. They think, if they *believe their eyes*, that they are keeping quite still, and the light is moving round them. Yet, really, the reason of their sunrise, and noon, and sunset is, that the earth has been spinning round, and carried them with it.'

8. 'Then,' says Green, 'this is what my book means when it says that "*the earth rotates on its axis.*"'

'Yes! we suppose a line passing through the earth, from pole to pole; and we call this its *axis*. Just as if I push a pointed piece of wire through this orange: this is now the *axis* of the orange. There is no such line really; but the earth spins round, exactly as if there were one, from west to east, and so the light travels from east to west, just as if the sun were moving round the earth.'

IX. THE SEASONS.

I. 'How was it,' said Charlie, 'that we found it so warm in the south of Spain, and Italy, and Greece?'

'A very fair question. When we have answered

it, we shall have answered another question at the same time. Why is it warmer at one time of year than it is at another? why have we a cold season called Winter and a hot one called Summer, with Spring and Autumn between them?

2. 'How far did we say, Johnny, that we travelled in a day?'

'Twenty-five thousand miles.'

3. 'Yes! but now I must tell you that we travel many more miles in a day than the twenty-five thousand. For the earth, besides spinning round on its axis like a top, is all the time taking a long journey round the sun.'

'My top does that,' cries Johnny. 'It spins round, and runs along the ground at the same time.'

4. 'Darken the room once more, Green, and I will try to make this plain. I take Johnny's football, again, and hang it to an arm of the chandelier, placing the large lamp on the table, below the stalk of the chandelier. As I turn the chandelier, the arm goes round, and the football goes with it, till it has made a complete circle in the air, the lamp being in the middle or *centre* of the circle.'

5. 'To help you to understand this, I have drawn a little figure on the blackboard. Here is

S for *sun* in the centre, and E for earth, first on one side of S, and then on the other.'

'Then the earth goes round the sun in a circle,' says Green.

6. 'Its course is *not* exactly a circle, though it is very nearly one. I made it a circle at first, because that was the only way of showing it to you with the lamp and the football. But look at this second

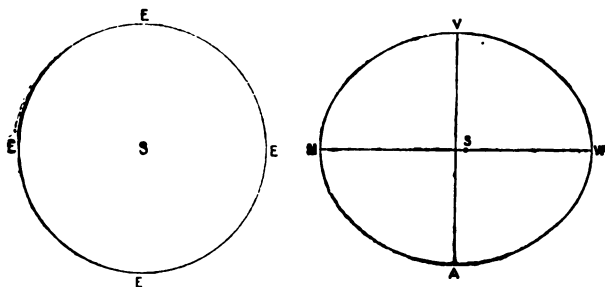


figure. This is the real shape of the earth's path, which is called an *Ellipse*. You see, it brings the earth nearer to the sun at one time than it is at another. This path is called the earth's *Orbit*, and it travels through its orbit in a year.'

7. 'I see ! I see ! We have summer when it is nearest to the sun, and winter when it is farthest off.'

'Not quite so fast, Green. I have more to speak of, before I can tell you about summer and winter.'

G. V.

Q

X. THE SEASONS (*continued*).

1. 'LOOK again at the large globe. You see it is upright on its stand, the North Pole at the top ; so that, as I turn it round, every part of it in turn catches the light of the lamp—every place has its day and night ; and it is all the same where you put it, on this side of the lamp or on the other—the light will fall in the same way at all parts of its orbit, and at all times of the year.

2. 'But the earth does not really catch the light in this way. I have now slanted the globe, so that the North Pole is a little to one side of the top. This is the way in which the earth's axis really points. See how the light falls now, as I turn the globe round on its axis.

'The North Pole gets the light all the time, the South Pole gets none, and the part to the north of the equator gets a great deal more of it than the part to the south.'

'That's not fair,' says Johnny.

3. 'Wait a little. What I have shown you is quite true ; but it is only true for one part of the year. See, as I move the globe, the light falls differently. I mark the first place by the letter M

on the *ellipse* on the blackboard, and now I put the globe here, at A. You can see that, in going from M to A, the earth has travelled through a quarter of the whole ellipse.

‘Now look how the light falls.

‘Every place has fair play. They all get the light in turn, and keep it for half the time ; just as they did when you fixed the globe straight.

4. ‘Now a *third* place for the globe, exactly opposite to the first. I mark it W on the blackboard.’

‘Ah ! I see. It is coming right, and there *is* fair play, after all. The South Pole gets its turn, and has the light all the time, and the places to the south of the equator have most of the light.’

5. ‘A *fourth* place, V, opposite to the second.’

‘It is just as it was at the second. Every place gets the same share of the light.’

‘Yes. I think you see all this pretty clearly. Try to remember it. At M, the places in the north have more light than those in the south ; at W, the south has more than the north ; and at A and V they are equal. And the reason is, because at M the North Pole slants towards the sun, at W the South Pole slants towards it, and at A and V it is midway between them.

6. ‘One more question, and then we will stop

for to-day. When do you think we come to M, and when to A, W, and V?

'We must be at M when we have most light, because we are to the north of the equator.'

'I know, then,' cries Johnny; 'it is on my birthday, the twenty-first of June; for father always says the sun shines longer on that day, that he may have a good look at the most troublesome boy he sees in a year.'

7. 'Very well. At least, he *does* shine longest on us on the 21st of June, which we call **Midsummer Day**. That is why I marked it M for Midsummer.'

'And A,' says Green, 'must be for autumn, and W for winter. I don't know what V means, but it must stand for spring.'

8. 'Yes. I could not put S, as we have made S mean "sun." So I took V from the Latin word *ver*, which means "spring." These are the four days which mark the four *Seasons* or times of the year—the 21st of June, the 21st of September, the 21st of December, and the 21st of March.'

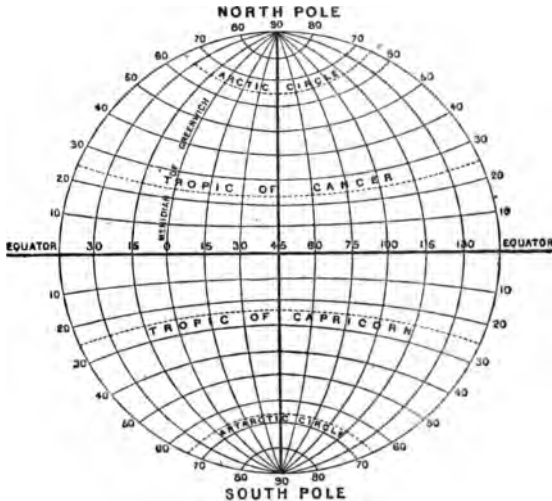
XI. ZONES.

1. '*Tro-pic of Cancer! Tro-pic of Cap-ri-corn!*' muttered Johnny to himself, as he stood before the

globe, slowly spelling out the syllables. ‘What *can* these hard words mean?’

‘Not really so very hard, Johnny.’

2. ‘Come, let us talk about their meaning. The word “**tropic**”—which you sounded *throw-pick*—means *turning*; and these two lines of circles



mark the points at which the sun appears to *turn* southward and northward.

3. ‘From the 21st of March to Midsummer, he seems to be always coming nearer to us. Really, you know, he is no nearer, but our pole is pointing more towards him, and so we get more of his light.

At Midsummer, when he seems to be at M, over this **Tropic of Cancer**, he *turns*, and for six months he seems to get farther and farther to the south; our days grow shorter, and our nights are longer. At Christmas, when he is over the other circle—the **Tropic of Capricorn**—he turns again, and begins to travel northwards, and we say that we have passed the shortest day.

4. ‘That’s easy enough,’ says Johnny. ‘It’s just like Dick Dawson and me, when we run races from the pillar-box at father’s gate to the finger-post and back again. I shall call the pillar-box *Cancer*, and the finger-post *Cap-ri-corn*, and there’s a cross-road about half-way, which will do very well for the equator. But why did they make such hard words for their *turning-lines*?’

5. ‘They were made long, long ago, Johnny, by the old Romans, who had learnt a great deal about the stars from still older nations. They found one set of stars which had the shape of a *crab*, and another which looked like a *goat*, and so they gave these names to the two sets of stars. Then they found that the sun appeared to be close to the *crab* at Midsummer and to the *goat* at Christmas-time, and that at those points he seemed to turn. So they said, “these are the turning-lines

of the Crab and the Goat," or (in their language) the *Tropics of Cancer* and *Capricorn*.'

6. 'Now, let me show you two other lines, between the tropics and the poles.

'Here they are—the **Arctic Circle** at the north, and the **Antarctic Circle** at the south.'

'Yes; old names, again, taken from the stars. There is a set of stars, which you must know very well, if you have ever looked out on a clear starry night. From these you can find out the north point almost as well as by looking to the sun at noon.'

7. 'Oh! I know,' cries Johnny, 'you mean *Charles' Wain*, the waggon and horses. Father used to show them to me, and make me try to find out the *polar star*.'

8. 'Well; these stars belong to a large cluster, which is a little like a *bear* in shape. So they were called the *Great Bear*, which in Greek is *arctos*; and, when the northern ocean was found out, it took the same name—the *Arctic Ocean*; and the circle near the North Pole is the *Arctic Circle*. *Antarctic* means opposite to Arctic.'

9. 'Now see how these four lines cut the earth into five parts or belts—two round the poles, two between the tropics and the Arctic and Antarctic

circles, and one from tropic to tropic, on both sides of the equator.

XII. ZONES (*continued*).

1. 'THESE belts are called **Zones**. The middle one is the hottest, because it has the sun directly over it. The two that are close to the poles are the coldest; and the two others have more heat than the polar ones, but not so much as the one in the middle. The *hot* Zone is called *Torrid* or burning; the two cold Zones are *Frigid*, which means cold; and the two between the *Torrid* and *Frigid* are the **Temperate Zones**—that is, zones where there is enough of heat, and not too much. This, to the north of the tropic of Cancer, is our own zone, the *North Temperate*, and the other is the *South Temperate*.'

2. 'Are all these zones of the same breadth?' asks Green.

'Measure them, and find out for yourself.'

'The *torrid* is the widest!' cries Johnny.

'Yes. It is a little wider than either of the temperate; but the two together are very much wider than the torrid zone alone, and the Arctic and Antarctic are each just half the width of the torrid. So that very nearly half of the earth's *surface* has a pleasant climate, neither too hot nor

too cold. And when you look at the *countries* marked on the globe, you can see that much more than half of them lie in the two temperate zones.'

3. 'We were in the North Temperate Zone,' says Charlie, 'nearly all our time ; but we got two peeps at the Arctic, to please Johnny.'



[SCENE IN THE TORRID ZONE.]

4. 'I'm very glad I don't live in the torrid zone,' cries Johnny, from the door. 'I should call it *horrid*. It must be too hot for football, or cricket, or running races, or anything.'

'Be not only glad, but thankful, Johnny, that

you have neither a blazing sun to burn you, nor biting cold to freeze you. A *temperate* climate is best in every way, for better things than football or cricket.'



[ARCTIC ZONE:—FROZEN BEARD.]

5. 'Hurrah!' shouts Johnny, starting off. 'I'll be first at the Goat.'

'Perhaps,' cries Green, racing after him; 'but I'll catch you before you get to the Crab.'

XIII. HEAT AND COLD.

1. 'OH! what funny figures you have drawn, Green,' cries Johnny; 'what do they mean?'

'They are not very neat, I know,' says Green; 'but they were the best I could make. I drew them to help me to get quite clearly into my head what we learnt last time, about the earth's journey round the sun, and how the light falls at each season. But I could not manage to draw a good *ellipse*.'

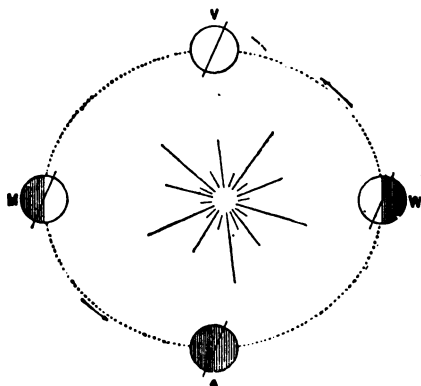
2. 'It is not so easy as a circle. But you took the right way to help yourself to remember. I should advise you to put by your first ellipse, and go on trying till you can draw a better one; and then, I think, when all that you are learning just now seems easy to you, you will say that this queer-looking figure did more for you than all my lessons, and made you begin to understand why summer is summer and winter is winter.'

3. 'However, to content Johnny, I have drawn one for you more exactly. It is our old figure over again; only, at M, A, W, and V, there are these little pictures of the earth.'

'We saw last time why it is that we have

longer days at Midsummer than at any other time of the year. Can you tell me, Johnny, why it is warmer then ?'

4. 'Oh ! of course, because the sun shines so much longer on us. Father makes me get up at six o'clock all the year round ; and I like it in summer, when it is bright and warm, and the



[THE SEASONS.]

lambs are playing in the fields, and the birds are twittering in the trees. But oh ! dear me ! how I do shiver at Christmas time, when it is dark and cold, and the snow is on the ground.'

5. 'Yes ; but even the nights in summer are much warmer than in winter. Even at midnight, on your birthday, you would not need a fire.'

‘No, indeed. Sometimes the air is so hot that I am quite glad when the sun goes down ; and the nights are so short that I am hardly cool before morning comes.’

6. ‘You’ve hit the very point, Johnny. The air and the earth itself are heated by the long summer days, and keep a great deal of the heat through the short nights.

‘But, if this were all, which parts of the earth ought to be warmest? Look at the globe as I turn it round on its axis.

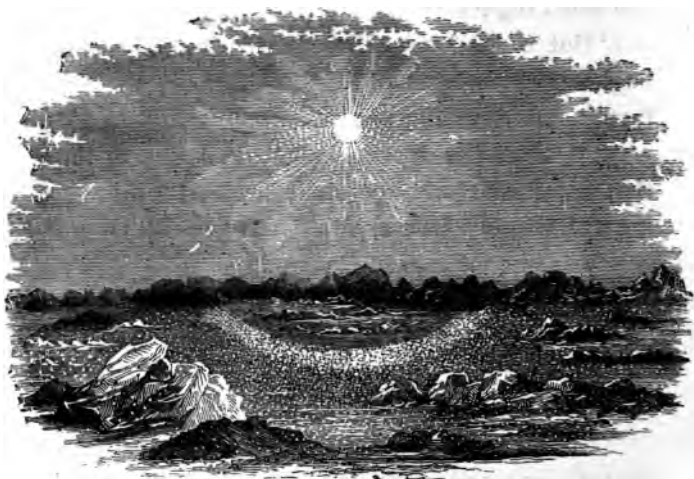
7. ‘Why, the North Pole!’ says Green, ‘and that *is* a puzzle. It keeps the light all the time—it can have no night at all. And yet I’m sure it is not so hot there as at the equator, or even as we are here.’

‘No!’ exclaimed Johnny; ‘it was nice and warm, when we saw the midnight sun, but not nearly so hot as at Naples.’

‘No. The summer is too short to melt the winter’s ice ; and, when land and sea are covered with ice, the air cannot be very hot.

8. ‘Yet it is quite true that the long Polar day—when the sun never sets for six months—does make everything much warmer than you might expect. You would be surprised to see how men and animals, and grass, and even a few bright

flowers, seem to wake up from their long sleep ; how “ the bear creeps from its lair of snow, and *seals* and *walruses* begin to play round the rocks ; how numbers of waterfowl from the warm south whiten the cliffs ; how the short thick grass and moss



[CURIOUS EFFECT OF SUNSHINE IN ARCTIC REGIONS.]

spread their carpet of green over every sheltered nook from which the snow has melted.”

9. ‘Do any people live there?’ asks Green.

‘Not *at* the North Pole ; no one, so far as we *know*, has ever reached it. But, in countries near

it, we find a people called *Eskimos*, and in the summer, which we are speaking about, they also "sally forth to hunt and fish, and to gather up supplies of food for the long winter."¹

XIV. HEAT AND COLD (*continued*).

1. 'BUT there is another reason—and the chief reason—why summer is hotter than winter, and why it is hotter at the equator than at the poles.

'Johnny, when you used to run downstairs, shivering, on a Christmas morning, what was the first thing that you did?'

'I ran straight to the kitchen fire, to warm my hands.'

2. 'A bad way of warming them. You had better go and make snowballs, or slide on the pond. You managed better in St. Petersburg. But how do you hold your hands?'

'Why, of course, in front of the fire, and as close as I can put them. Only sometimes mother has something cooking, and I can't get to the front, but have to get as much heat as I can at the corner. I don't like that as well, for I can't get nearly so warm.'

¹ Adapted from *Benedicite*, by Dr. Child Chaplin.

3. 'So you found out that the heat of the fire is much more felt in *front* of it than at the side.

'Now look at the globe. The figure will help us a little ; but the globe itself will show best how the light falls on each part of the earth at each season of the year. How does the light fall at Midsummer ? Which parts of the earth are directly opposite to the sun ?'

4. 'The parts near the equator. Ah ! I have it on the globe,' says Green ; 'he is exactly over the Tropic of Cancer, and very nearly straight over our heads.'

5. 'How does he shine in Autumn, when the earth is at A ?'

'Right on the equator, and the two poles just catch the light ; it must slant very much as it reaches them, just as it does with us at sunrise and sunset.'

6. 'And how is it when the earth is at W ?'

'The sun is as far to the south as he was to the north at M. And *we* get the slanting light now, though not so much slanted as it is farther north.'

7. 'Yes ; and slanting light, as you can tell at sunrise and sunset, and as Johnny found at the kitchen fire, does not give so much heat as when it falls straight upon you. So now, it ought to be pretty clear to you, why it is hotter at one time of

year than another, and at one part of the world than at another. Everywhere, and all the year round, the sun is always shining ; his light is never dim, and his rays are always hot. But as the earth goes round him, each place is sometimes more directly under him, sometimes farther to one side. Some places are never very far to the side, some never come nearly under him. And so it is that, near the equator, he scorches the air : at the poles, the long winter binds up everything in frosty chains.'

8. ' We have been learning some lines of poetry for the Inspector,' says Green, ' which tell us that, after all, every country has a fair share of all that's good. Is this true ? '

' Let me hear the lines, Green, and then I'll tell you.'

9. ' And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they
share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom
find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind ;
As different good, by Art or Nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings
even.'

10. ' No, I do not think it is quite true. There
G. V. R

is more truth in these other lines from the same poem—

‘How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or
cure!
Still to ourselves, in every place consigned,
Our own felicity we make or find.’

[THE END.]

NEW READING BOOKS for the NEW CODE of 1884.

ENGLISH HISTORY READING BOOKS AND HOME LESSON BOOKS.

ILLUSTRATED.

Standard II.—Introductory Tales from English History. By Miss YONGE, Author of 'Cameos from English History.' Price 9d.

Standard III. The Early History of England till the Death of Stephen. By Miss YONGE. Price 1s.

English History Home Lesson Book, to accompany this Reading Book, now ready. Price 1s. 6d. per dozen.

Standard IV.—The History of the Plantagenet Period. By Miss YONGE. Price 1s. 3d.

English History Home Lesson Book to accompany this Reading Book, now ready. Price 1s. 6d. per dozen.

Standard V.—The History of Modern England from the Time of Henry VII. By Miss YONGE. Price 1s. 8d.

English History Home Lesson Book, to accompany this Reading Book, now ready. Price 4s. per dozen.

Standard VI.—The History of the Manners, Customs, and Literature of the English People. By Miss YONGE. Price 1s. 8d.

THE YOUNG STUDENT'S ENGLISH HISTORY READING BOOK: being the Advanced Part of the 'English History Reading Books,' and consisting of a Series of 'Pictures' of the more important facts of English History from the Earliest Times. Price 2s.

NEW SERIES OF GEOGRAPHICAL READERS,

Arranged according to the Department Syllabus issued in the New Code of 1884.

I. STANDARD I. Explanation of a Plan of the School and Playground, the Four Cardinal Points, and the Meaning and Use of a Map. With numerous Illustrations. Price 8d.

II. STANDARD II. Lessons on the Size and Shape of the World, Geographical Terms explained in Simple Language, and Illustrated by Reference to the Map of England, and the Physical Geography of Hills and Rivers. With numerous Illustrations. Price 10d.

NATIONAL SOCIETY'S DEPOSITORY, SANCTUARY,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.

NEW SERIES OF GEOGRAPHICAL READERS—continued.

- III. STANDARD III.** Physical and Political Geography of England, with Special Knowledge of the District in which the School is situated. Price 1s. 4d.
- IV. STANDARD IV.** Physical and Political Geography of the British Isles, British North America, and Australasia, with detailed account of their Productions. Price 1s. 8d.
- V. STANDARD V.** Geography of Europe, Physical and Political. Latitude and Longitude. Day and Night. The Seasons. A series of Easy Lessons on Difficult Subjects. Well Illustrated. Price 1s. 9d.
- VI. STANDARD VI.** Geography of the World generally, and especially of the British Colonies and Dependencies. Interchange of Productions. Circumstances which determine Climate. Price 2s.
- VII. STANDARD VII.** The Ocean. Currents and Tides. General Arrangement of the Planetary System. The Phases of the Moon.
-

NEW NATIONAL READING BOOKS.

ILLUSTRATED.

Adapted to the requirements of the 1884 Code, and suitable also for use in Middle Class and Higher Schools.

Infant Primer, 30 Illustrations, 32 pp., cloth limp, 2½d.

Infant Reader, 35 Illustrations, 64 pp., cloth limp, 4d.

Standard I., 48 Illustrations, 112 pp., cloth boards, 6d.

Standard II., 43 Illustrations, 128 pp., cloth boards, 9d.

Standard III., 37 Illustrations, 192 pp., cloth boards, 1s.

Standard IV., 36 Illustrations, 288 pp., cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

Standards V. & VI., 32 Illustrations, 352 pp., cloth boards, 2s.

READING SHEETS. Illustrated. Part I., containing 14 Sheets, price 3s. 6d. ; or, mounted on 7 millboards, price 9s. Part II., containing 10 Sheets, price 2s. 6d. ; or, mounted on 5 millboards, price 6s. 6d.

SMALLER READING SHEETS. Illustrated. Consisting of 26 Sheets, tacked on Roller, price 3s.

NATIONAL SOCIETY'S DEPOSITORY, SANCTUARY,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.

NATIONAL SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.

BOTANY READING BOOKS.

By the Rev. A. JOHNSON, M.A., F.L.S.

Part I. Vegetable Life, illustrated from Plants easily met with.
The more Permanent Organs. With numerous Illustrations.
Price 1s.

Part II. The Different Orders. Distribution of Plants, &c. With
Twenty-five pages of Plates. Price 1s. 8d.

ECONOMY READING BOOKS.

1. The Social Economy Reading Book (for the Upper Standards); being a Series of Easy and Attractive Readings on Social Economy. By the Rev. W. L. BLACKLEY. Price 2s.

2. The Political Economy Reading Book (for the Upper Standards); being a Series of Easy Readings on the more Elementary and Popular Subjects of Political Economy. By R. H. INGLIS PALGRAVE, Esq. Price 2s.

CHAPTERS IN POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY.

By Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P., F.R.S.

Being a Reading Book for the Senior Children of Elementary and Middle Class Schools. Profusely Illustrated. Price 1s. 6d.

NATIONAL SOCIETY'S DEPOSITORY, SANCTUARY,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.

ADAPTED TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE 1884 CODE.

LINES FROM THE POETS.

1. SCOTT'S **LADY OF THE LAKE**. (Canto I.) 369 lines. 2d.
2. GOLDSMITH'S **TRAVELLER**. 438 lines. 2d.
3. GOLDSMITH'S **DESERTED VILLAGE**. 430 lines. 2d.
4. BYRON'S **SIEGE OF CORINTH**. 1,080 lines. 4d.
5. A Selection from SHAKESPEARE'S **KING JOHN**. 393 lines. 2d.
6. A Selection from SHAKESPEARE'S **MERCHANT OF VENICE**. 853 lines. 3d.
7. A Selection from SHAKESPEARE'S **JULIUS CÆSAR**. 736 lines. 3d.

Each book contains copious Foot-notes, a Life of the Author, an Argument of the Poem, and Exercises in Grammar and Composition. They are thus admirably suited to the requirements for English (Schedule 2, 1884 Code).

They may also be used as a Set of Poetical Reading Books.

A New and Revised Edition of the National Arithmetic is now published, adapted exactly to the requirements of the New Code of 1884 as follows :—

NEW NATIONAL ARITHMETIC,

In Six Parts, suitable for the Seven Standards of the New Code, the First Part being arranged for Standards I. and II.

Each Part price 2s. per dozen.

KEY to Parts I., II., III., price 4d.

KEY to Parts IV., V., VI., price 4d.

The whole of this Work is now ready.

NATIONAL SOCIETY'S DEPOSITORY, SANCTUARY,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.

EDUCATIONAL WORKS FOR TEACHERS.

THE PUPIL-TEACHER'S COURSE OF MATHEMATICS.

By a late Fellow and Senior Mathematical Lecturer ; Examiner for the Oxford and Cambridge Board, the Cambridge Syndicate, &c.

PART I.—EUCLID, Books I. and II. With Notes, Examples, and Explanations. Price 1s. 6d.

PART II.—ALGEBRA. Price 1s. 6d.

THE TEACHER'S MANUAL OF MENTAL ARITHMETIC ;

Being a Series of Examples, Exercises, and Specimens of Teaching, intended to show how Mental Arithmetic may be Taught in Schools as a Preparation for Formal Arithmetic. Price 1s. 6d. cloth.

N.B.—This Book has been specially written to meet the requirements of the New Code of 1884, which permits the Inspector to examine the children in

‘Short Exercises in Mental Arithmetic.’

NOTES ON GRAMMAR LESSONS.

Being a complete Course of Graduated Teaching in the Parsing and Analysis of Words, and the Analysis of Sentences, together with a very full set of Models, Exercises, and Examination Papers. Pp. 244. Price 2s. 6d.

EXERCISES IN ENGLISH GRAMMAR, extracted from the above Work.

PART	I.	for Standards II. and III.,	32 pp.	Price 2d.
—	II.	„ IV. and V.,	30 pp.	Price 2d.
—	III.	„ VI. and VII.,	36 pp.	Price 3d.

N.B.—These books are intended to be placed in the hands of children, but Part III. will also be found useful for Pupil-Teachers and Candidates for the Scholarship Examination.

HOW TO PREPARE NOTES OF LESSONS.

A Manual of Instruction and Models for Pupil Teachers and Students in Training Colleges. By W. TAYLOR, Normal Master in the National Society's Training College, Battersea. Price 2s cloth.

NATIONAL SOCIETY'S DEPOSITORY, SANCTUARY,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.

LOCKE'S THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

With Introduction and Notes. By the Rev. EVAN DANIEL, M.A., Principal of the National Society's Training College, Battersea. Price 4s.

This is a complete Edition of the Work, and is illustrated by Passages from eminent Educationists.

**NEW AND REVISED EDITION OF
THE GRAMMAR, HISTORY, AND DERIVATION
OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE ;**

With Chapters on Parsing, Analysis of Sentences, and Prosody. By the Rev. EVAN DANIEL, M.A., Principal of the National Society's Training College, Battersea. Price 5s.

ENGLISH ACCIDENCE, PARSING, ANALYSIS OF SENTENCES, AND SYNTAX, being Parts I.-IV. of the above. Price 3s.

THE HISTORY AND DERIVATION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, being Part V. of the above. Price 2s. 6d.

SIGHT-SINGING FOR SCHOOLS.

With the Elements of the Theory of the Staff Notation on the Moveable Do System.

PART I., entitled 'SIGHT-SINGING FOR SCHOOLS,' contains Lessons and Exercises intended to enable Scholars to pass the various 'tests' required by the Education Department (Circular 219). 64 pp. Price 1s.

PART II., entitled 'THE THEORY OF MUSIC,' contains Four Chapters on the Theory of Vocal Music, suited to the requirements of Pupil Teachers, Candidates for Admission to Training Colleges, and First Year Students ; with Specimens of Examination Papers. 48 pp. Price 10d.

The Two Parts in One Volume. 112 pp. Price 1s. 8d.

**A GRAMMAR OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE
FOR PUPIL TEACHERS AND THE MORE
ADVANCED CLASSES IN SCHOOLS.**

By the Author of 'Mademoiselle Mori' &c. Price 3s. 6d.

N.B.—This Book contains copious Examples and Exercises, and an English and a French Vocabulary.

NATIONAL SOCIETY'S DEPOSITORY, SANCTUARY,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.



